



JACK  
ARMSTRONG

52 PAGES OF ADVENTURE COMICS

APRIL No. 6

10¢

# JACK ARMSTRONG

THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY OF RADIO FAME

In This Issue:  
**RIDERS OF  
RATTLESNAKE  
RANGE!**







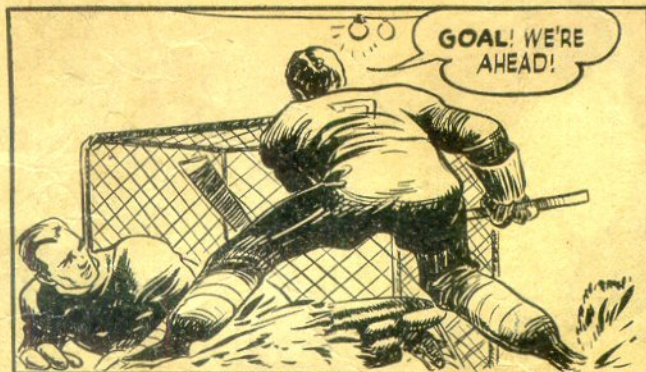
WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# FAMOUS SPLIT SECONDS IN SPORTS!

The Hockey season of 1946-47 saw New York's Rangers and Detroit's Red Wings in a dogfight for the play-off spot. And whenever these embattled outfits tangled, the script called for fireworks on ice!

Came the last week of December, and a crucial game between the two teams at Madison Square Garden. With the score tied during the last few seconds of the second period, a Ranger forward took a pass and ...



SO THE GAME ENDED IN A TIE.. AND THE PLAY-OFF SPOT FINALLY WENT TO DETROIT BECAUSE ON THAT DAY VICTORY OR DEFEAT HUNG IN THE BALANCE FOR A SINGLE SPLIT SECOND!

## JACK ARMSTRONG

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A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE

# THE CURSE OF THE EMERALD SCARAB

BURIED AMONG THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION IS THE FABULOUS JEWEL KNOWN AS THE EMERALD SCARAB. ALTHOUGH THIS BEETLE-SHAPED GEM CARRIES A CURSE OF DEATH AGAINST ANYONE WHO REMOVES IT FROM THE TOMB OF ITS OWNER, JACK AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE JOINED DR. SPEARS, AN AMERICAN ARCHEOLOGIST, IN HIS ATTEMPT TO FIND THE PRICELESS BUT EVIL JEWEL...

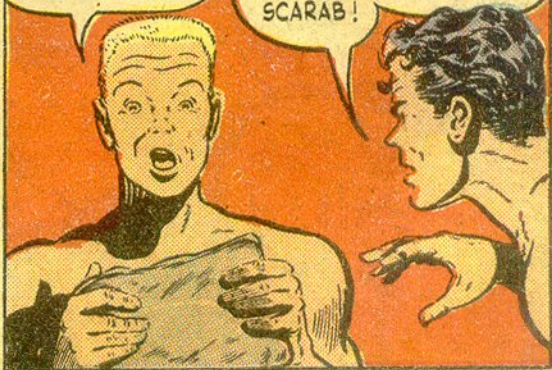


HAVING ANY LUCK, JACK?

TELL YOU IN A MINUTE, UNCLE JIM, WE'VE GOT SOME SORT OF A TABLET HERE THAT MAY —

LOOK, JACK! A PICTURE OF A GREEN BEETLE —

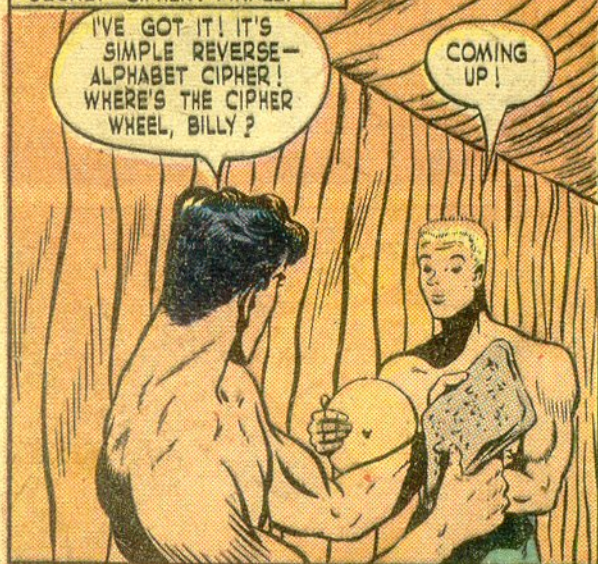
AND AN INSCRIPTION — SIGNED BY THE PHARAOH WHO OWNED THE EMERALD SCARAB!



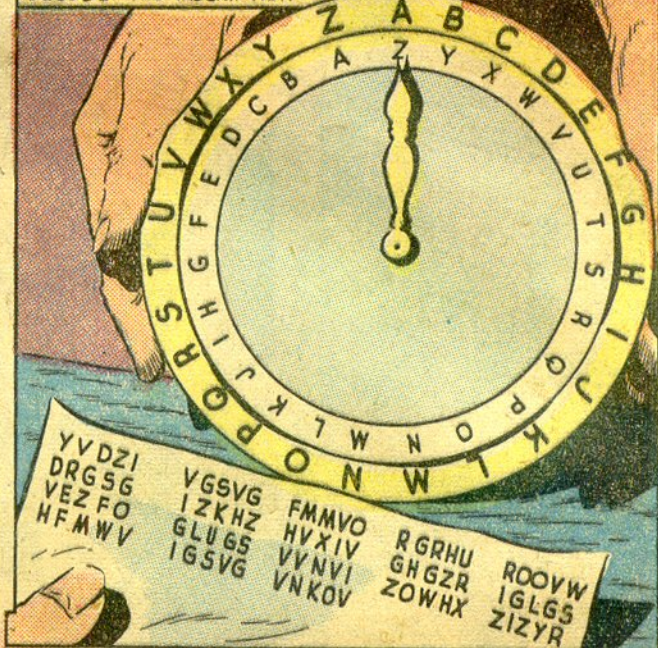




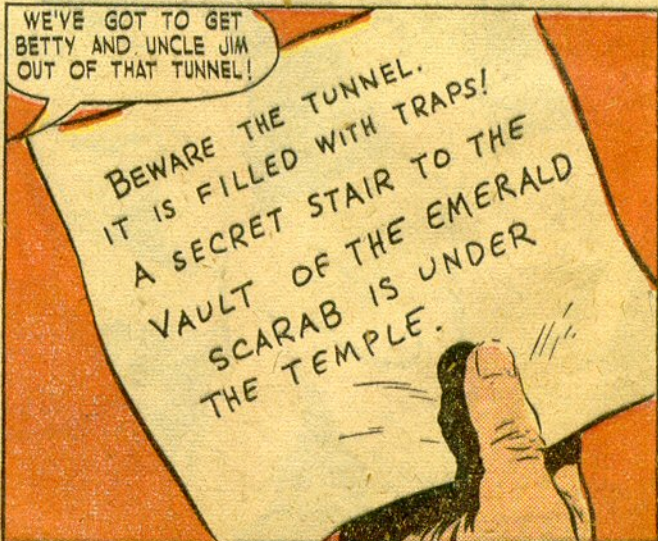
WHILE UNCLE JIM, BETTY AND DR. SPEARS SEARCH THE ANCIENT TUNNEL, JACK PORES OVER THE SECRET CIPHER. FINALLY —



SETTING THE WHEEL IN POSITION, JACK BEGINS TO DECODE THE INSCRIPTION —



WE'VE GOT TO GET BETTY AND UNCLE JIM OUT OF THAT TUNNEL!





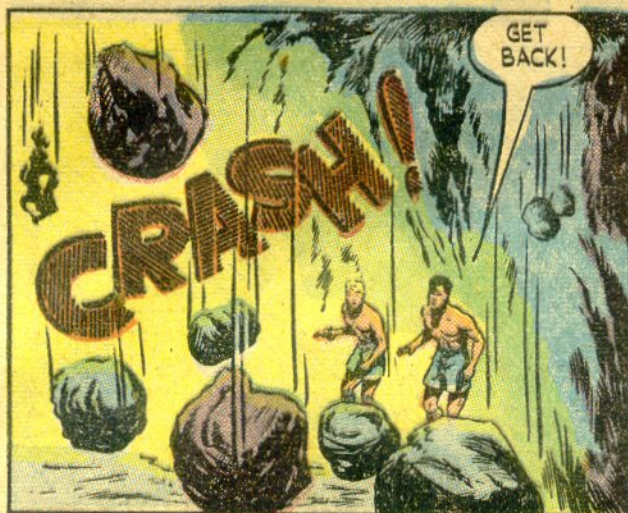


I FIGURED THERE WAS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT GUIDE, ALI.

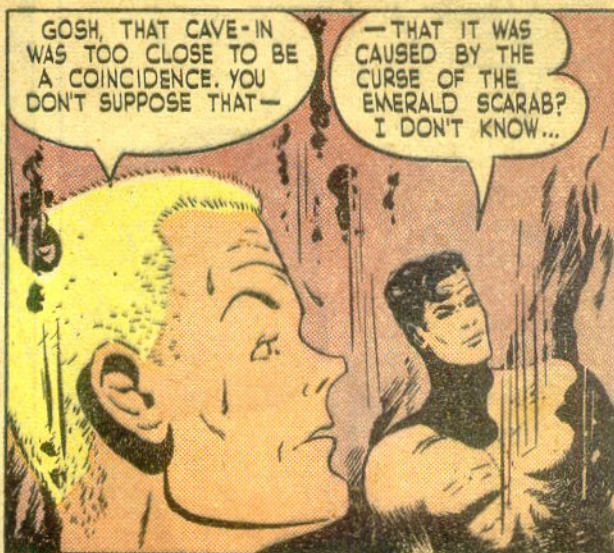
HE HAS A POLICE RECORD—BUT UNCLE JIM SAID HE WAS REFORMED AND THOROUGHLY TRUST-WORTHY.



WATCH YOUR STEP, BILLY, THE WHOLE PLACE IS PROBABLY BOOBY-TRAPPED.



GET BACK!



GOSH, THAT CAVE-IN WAS TOO CLOSE TO BE A COINCIDENCE. YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THAT—

—THAT IT WAS CAUSED BY THE CURSE OF THE EMERALD SCARAB? I DON'T KNOW...



W—WHAT'S THAT?

A STONE IDOL... WE'RE IN THE TEMPLE...



UNDERGROUND STAIRS!

YES—THE CIPHER WAS RIGHT...THESE STAIRS MUST LEAD DIRECTLY TO THE VAULT OF THE EMERALD SCARAB!



MEANWHILE, DEEP INSIDE THE TUNNEL, BETTY AND UNCLE JIM, TOGETHER WITH DR. SPEARS AND THEIR GUIDE, ALI, ARE SEARCHING VAINLY FOR THE EVIL JEWEL...



SUDDENLY —

UNCLE JIM! THEY'VE  
DISAPPEARED! DR. SPEARS  
AND ALI HAVE  
DISAPPEARED!



BUT THEY WERE  
HERE A MOMENT  
AGO —

I KNOW —  
THEY'VE JUST  
V-VANISHED!



BUT PEOPLE JUST  
DON'T VANISH INTO  
THIN AIR.

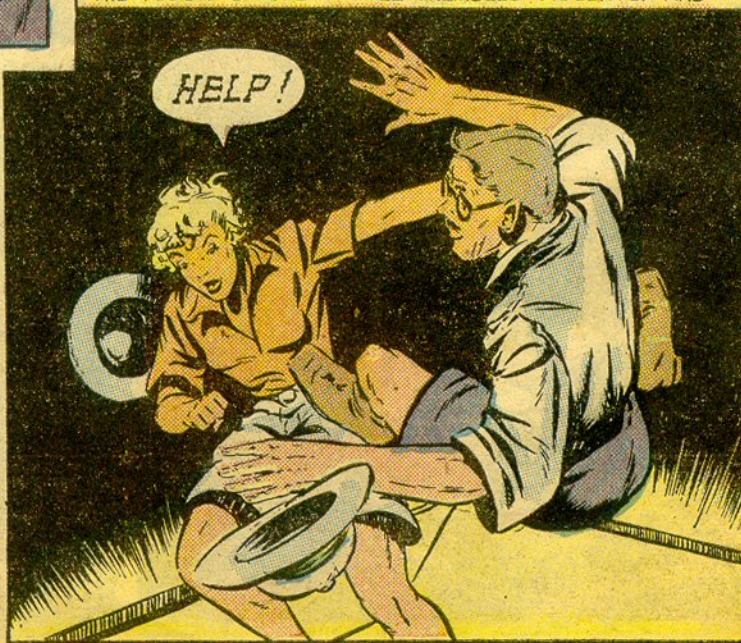
UNCLE JIM... YOU  
DON'T SUPPOSE...  
THE CURSE...



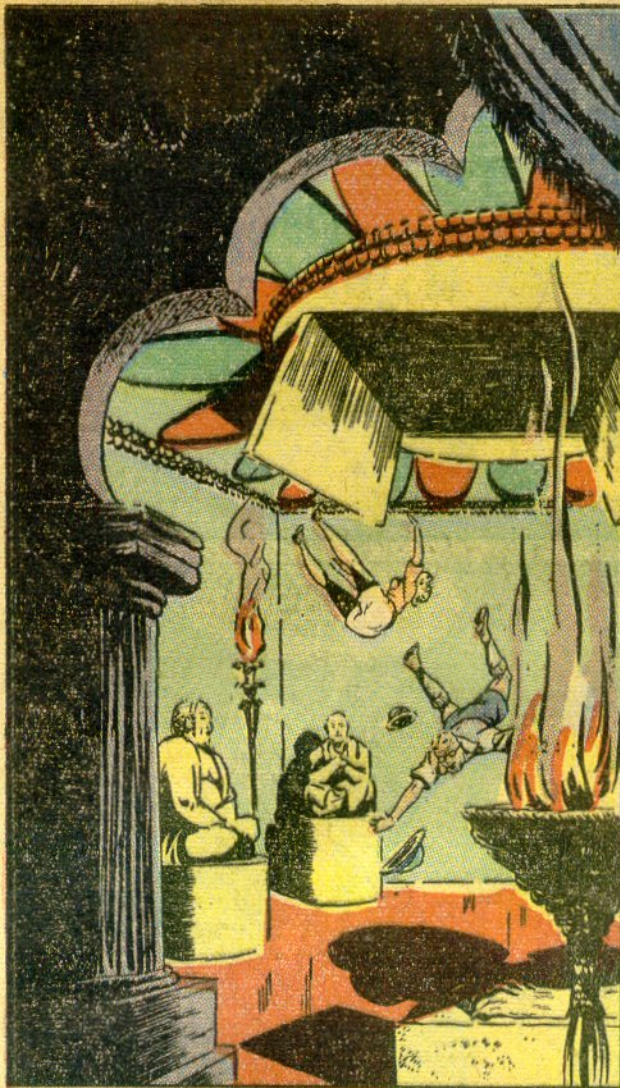
THE FLOOR OF THE TUNNEL TREMBLES VIOLENTLY AND —



HELP!

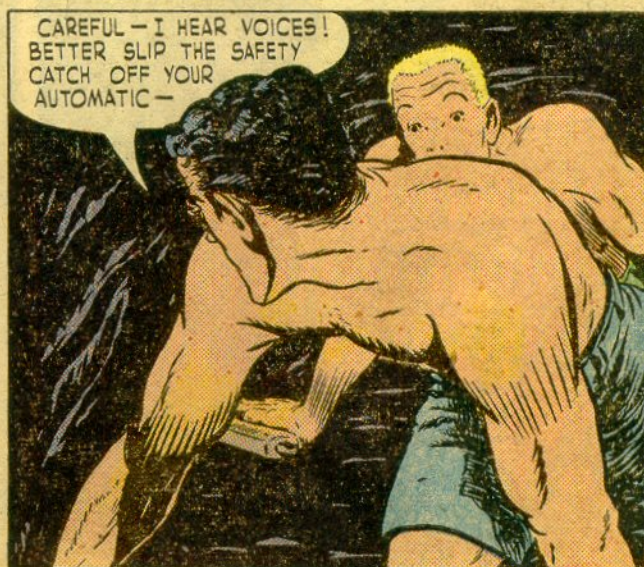




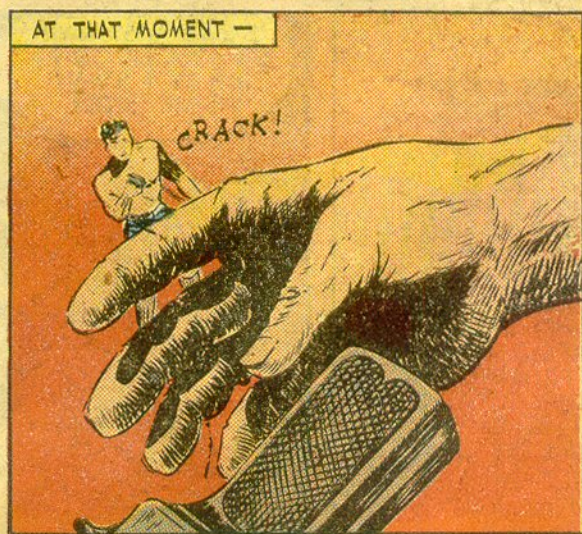




MEANWHILE, HAVING SEARCHED THE TUNNEL WITHOUT SUCCESS, JACK AND BILLY RETURN TO THE SECRET STAIR BENEATH THE TEMPLE...



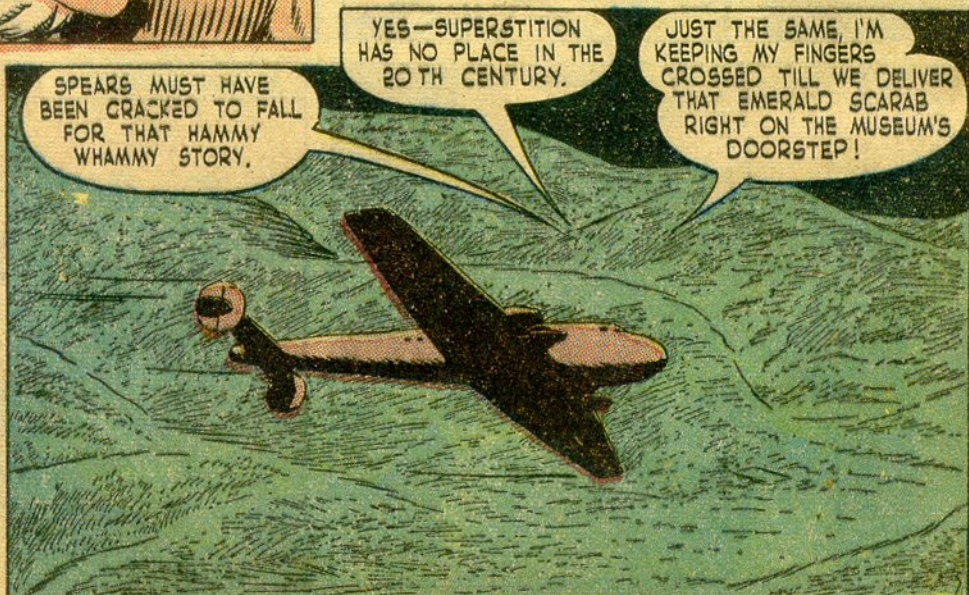








JACK LISTENS, DUMFOUNDED, AS ALI REVEALS THAT DR. SPEARS BLACK-MAILED HIM INTO LURING VICTIMS INTO THE VAULT — SO THAT THE SCARAB'S CURSE WOULD BE BROKEN AND SPEARS COULD POSSESS THE PRICELESS GEM WITHOUT FEAR OF THE ANCIENT JINX!





## HOME RUN TWINS

NATIONAL LEAGUE BASEBALL FANS WERE TREATED LAST SEASON TO A THRILLING BATTLE FOR THE LEAGUE'S HOME-RUN CHAMPIONSHIP WHEN JOHNNY MIZE AND RALPH KINER SOCKED 51 ROUND-TRIPPERS APIECE... DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO BABE RUTH'S ALL-TIME HIGH OF 60.

RALPH KINER

JOHNNY MIZE

PITTSBURGH PIRATES' OUTFIELDER, WHO IS BEGINNING HIS THIRD SEASON IN THE MAJORS. IN HIS FRESHMAN YEAR, BIG RALPH LED THE LEAGUE IN HOMERS WITH 23. LAST YEAR HE TIED MIZE—AND THIS YEAR RALPH'S FANS ARE PREDICTING HE WILL CONTINUE TO SMASH SLUGGING MARKS IN AN EFFORT TO BRING THE PIRATES THEIR FIRST PENNANT SINCE 1927.

NEW YORK GIANTS' VETERAN FIRST-SACKER, WHO HAS BEEN A MAJOR LEAGUER SINCE 1936. HIS BEST PREVIOUS HOME-RUN MARK FOR A SEASON WAS 43, IN 1940. THE GIANTS ARE COUNTING ON MIZE'S BIG BAT TO PUT THEM AMONG THE LEADERS IN THIS SEASON'S PENNANT RACE. AND IF PAST PERFORMANCES MEAN ANYTHING, JOHNNY IS THE MAN TO DO IT.

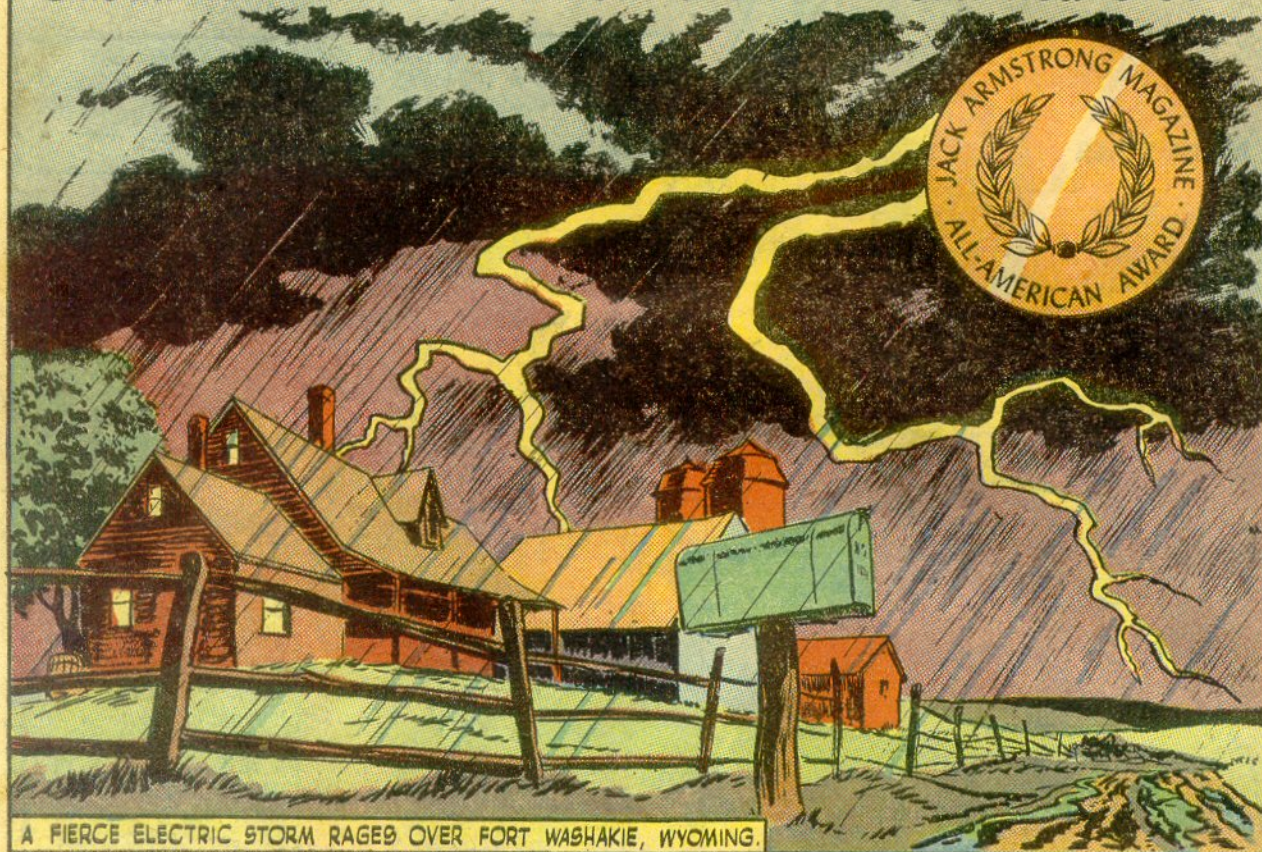
Phil Berube



# JACK ARMSTRONG MAGAZINE

## ALL-AMERICAN AWARD

Based on information from the American Red Cross



A FIERCE ELECTRIC STORM RAGES OVER FORT WASHAKIE, WYOMING.

**B**OBBY TATUM, ten years old, whose farm home is near Fort Washakie, Wyoming, receives the sixth monthly Jack Armstrong All-American Award for heroism.

Bobby will receive the handsome medal illustrated, engraved with his name and the date of his courageous rescue. A one-year subscription to the Jack Armstrong Magazine will be sent free to a shut-in youngster chosen by Bobby.

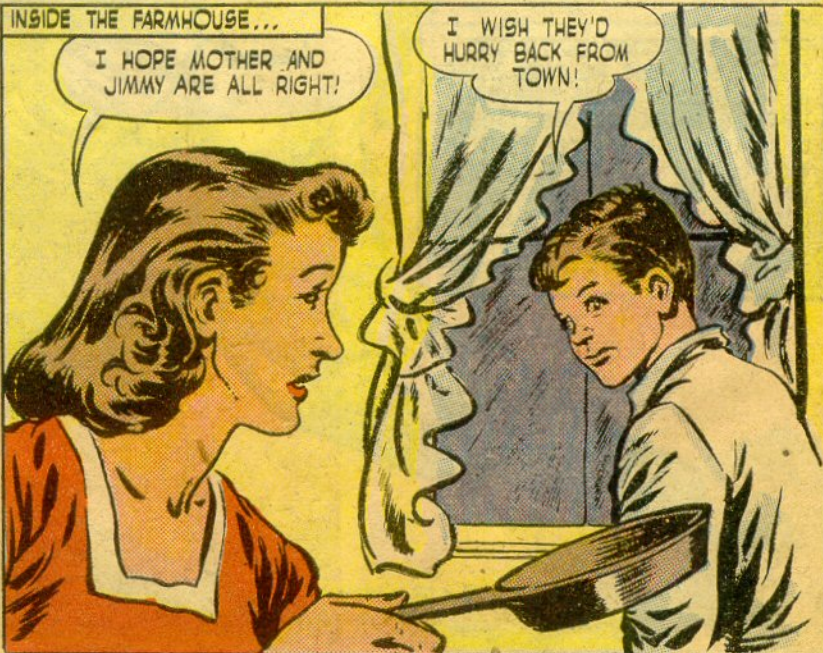
On May 28, 1947, Bobby Tatum saved the life of his seventeen-year-old sister Norma, who had been struck by lightning in their home. Their mother and brother had left on an errand . . . and Bobby and Norma were alone in the house.

Standing together at the kitchen window, they watch as . . .

INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE...

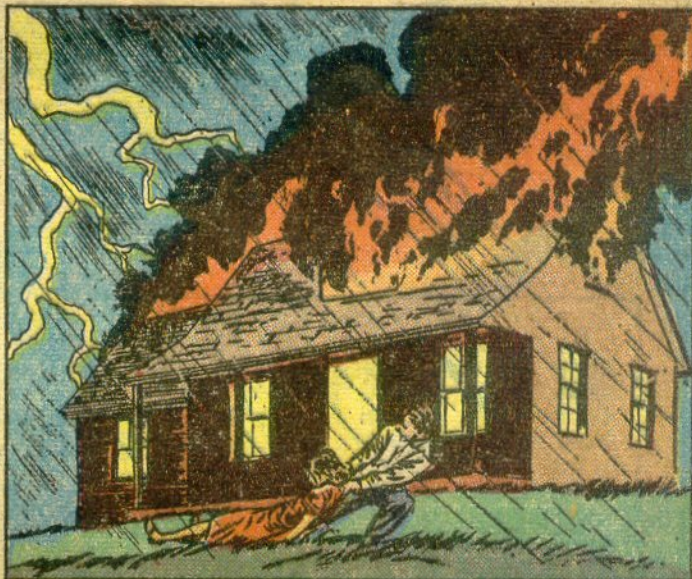
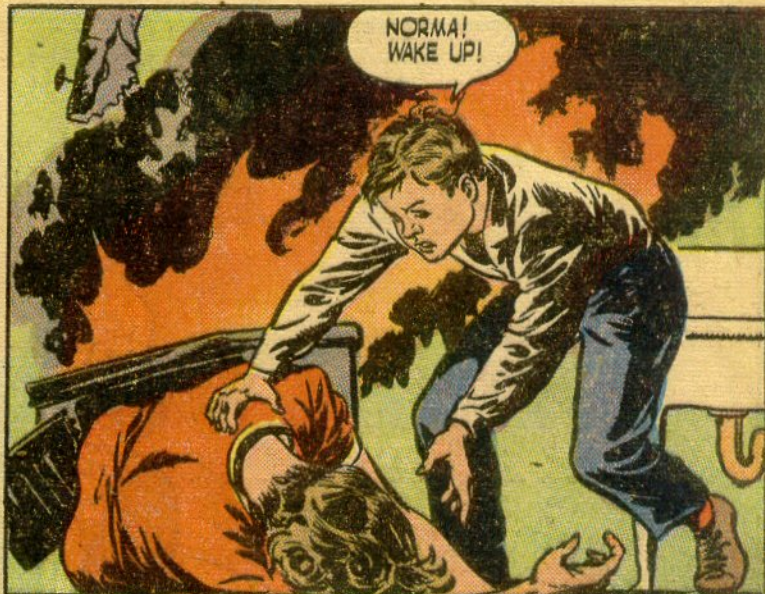
I HOPE MOTHER AND JIMMY ARE ALL RIGHT!

I WISH THEY'D HURRY BACK FROM TOWN!





SUDDENLY, LIGHTNING STRIKES—AND NORMA SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR.



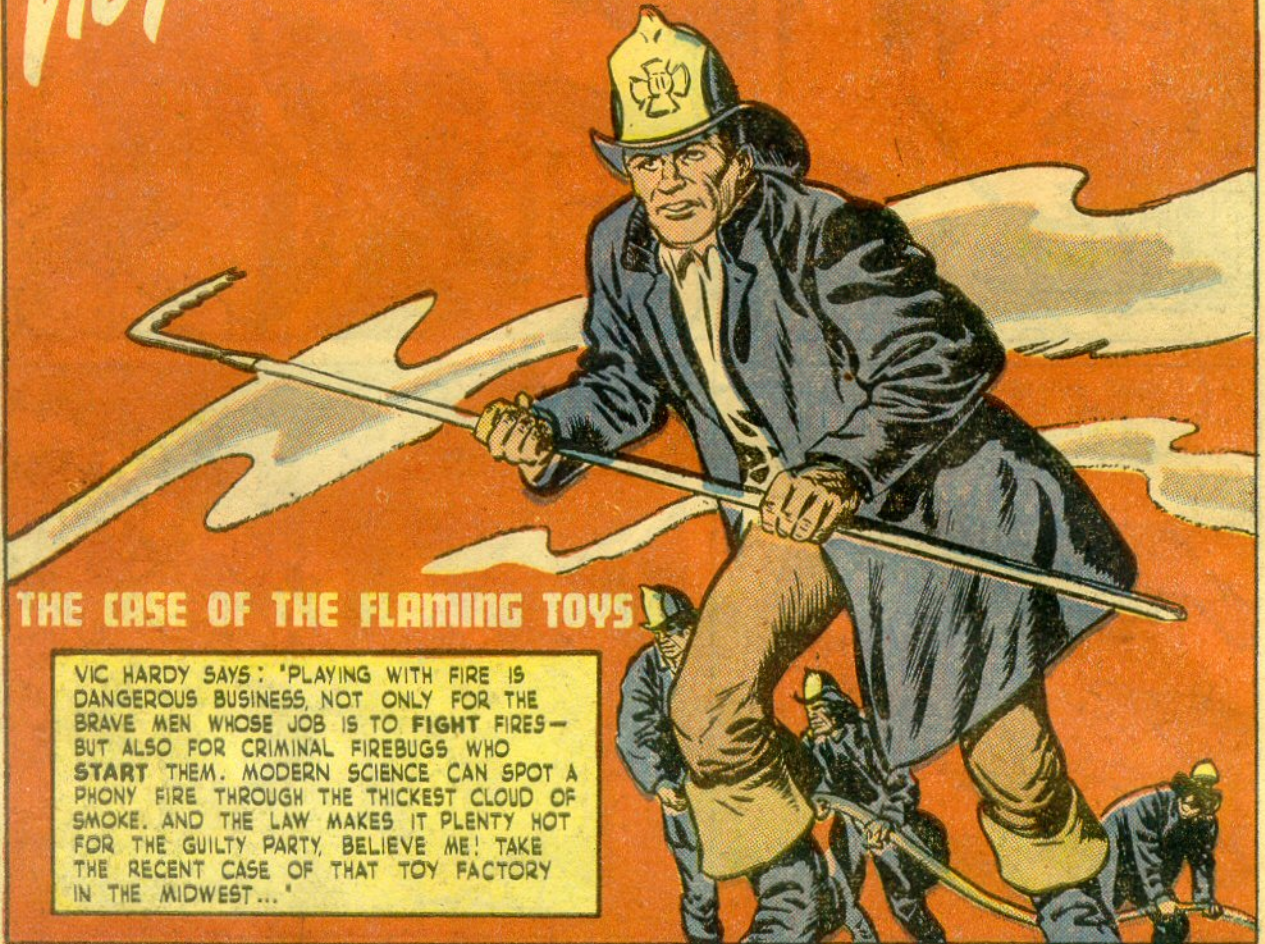
AND SO, IN RECOGNITION OF HIS BRAVERY, 10-YEAR-OLD BOBBY TATUM IS AWARDED THIS MONTH'S ALL-AMERICAN AWARD.





*Vic Hardy's*

# CRIME LAB

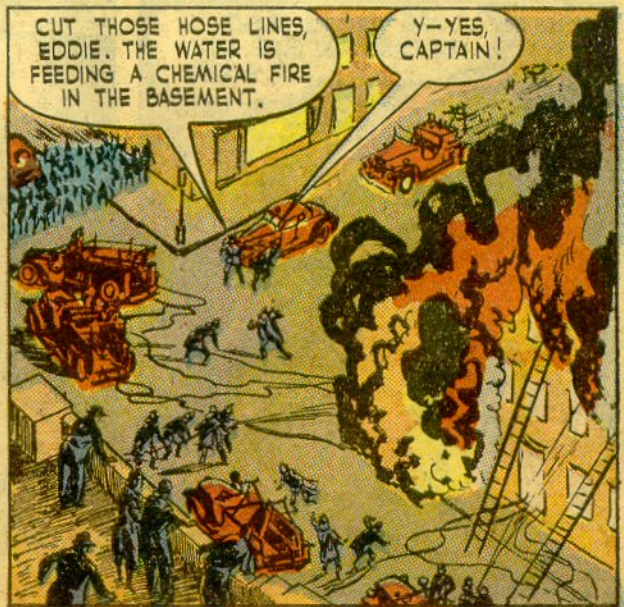


## THE CASE OF THE FLAMING TOYS

VIC HARDY SAYS: "PLAYING WITH FIRE IS DANGEROUS BUSINESS, NOT ONLY FOR THE BRAVE MEN WHOSE JOB IS TO FIGHT FIRES— BUT ALSO FOR CRIMINAL FIREBUGS WHO **START** THEM. MODERN SCIENCE CAN SPOT A PHONY FIRE THROUGH THE THICKEST CLOUD OF SMOKE. AND THE LAW MAKES IT PLENTY HOT FOR THE GUILTY PARTY, BELIEVE ME! TAKE THE RECENT CASE OF THAT TOY FACTORY IN THE MIDWEST..."



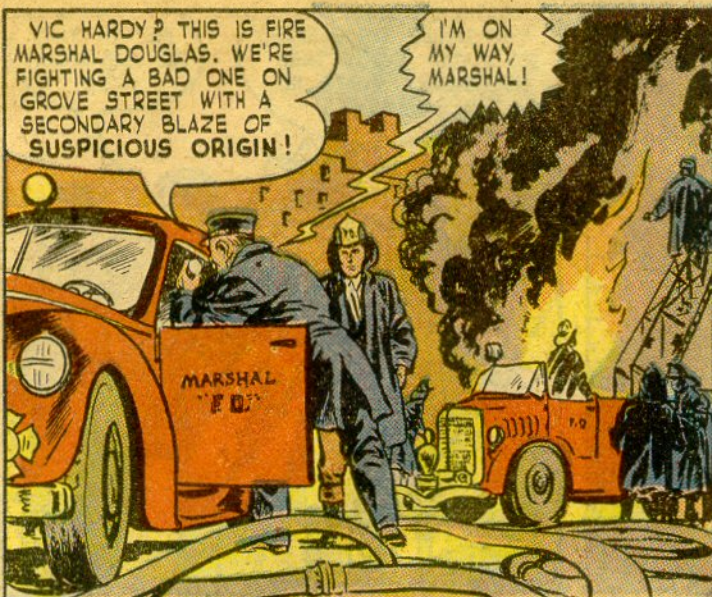
THE OWNER OPERATES A PLASTIC-TOY FACTORY IN THE BUILDING. HE HAS NO FIRE RECORD.



CUT THOSE HOSE LINES, EDDIE. THE WATER IS FEEDING A CHEMICAL FIRE IN THE BASEMENT.

Y—YES, CAPTAIN!









THE INSURANCE WON'T COVER MY LOSS! I CAN'T FILL ORDERS WITHOUT A FACTORY!

HAS YOUR BUSINESS IMPROVED? LAST WEEK MY INSPECTORS REPORTED THAT YOUR FACTORY WASN'T VERY BUSY, MR. BARTON.

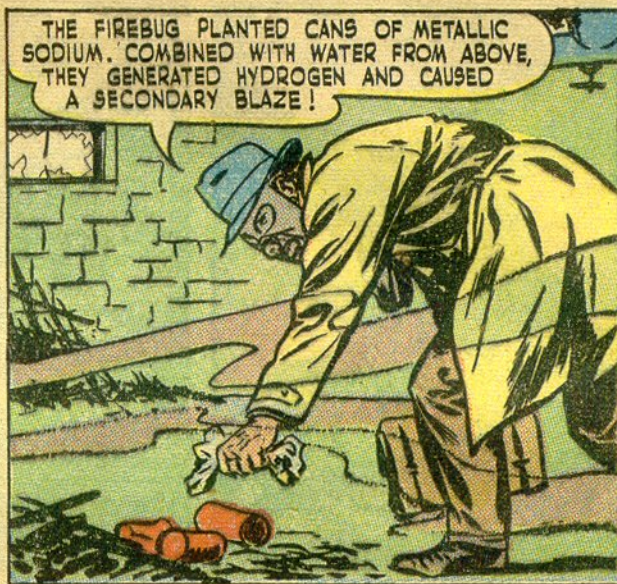


THE SMOKE HAS CLEARED SO I CAN CHECK THAT SECONDARY BLAZE IN THE BASEMENT!

BETTER TAKE MY GAS MASK, VIC!



JUST WHAT I SUSPECTED!



THE FIREBUG PLANTED CANS OF METALLIC SODIUM, COMBINED WITH WATER FROM ABOVE, THEY GENERATED HYDROGEN AND CAUSED A SECONDARY BLAZE!



GIVE THIS CAN TO THE MARSHAL, EDDIE, WHILE I TRY TO FIND WHAT STARTED THE FIRE ON THE TOP FLOOR.

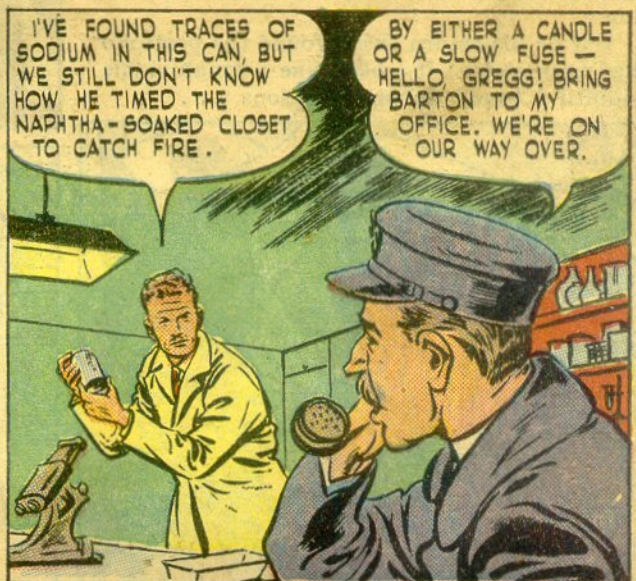
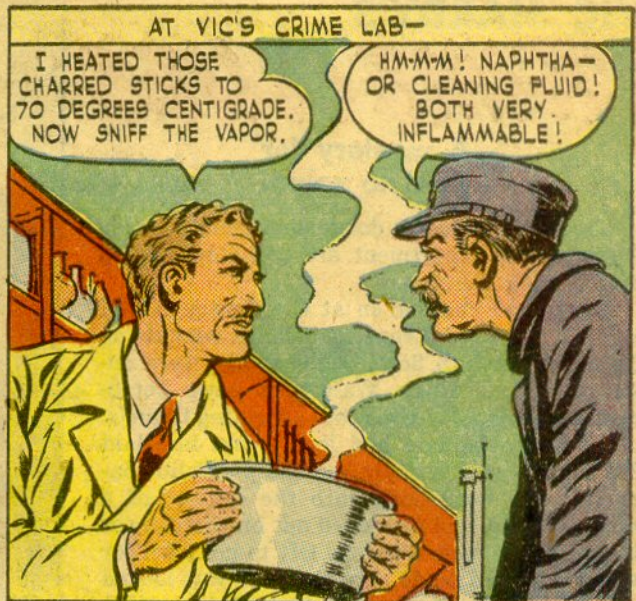
GO EASY ON THE STAIRS, VIC, THEY MAY CAVE IN!



THE ORIGINAL BLAZE MOST LIKELY BROKE OUT IN THAT CLOSET.

THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED, HARDY. YOU MIGHT TRACE THE WIRES FOR A SHORT CIRCUIT.







# VIC HARDY'S CRIME CLUES

A mystery for  
**YOU** to solve!

Theft of top-secret documents from Bradley Drum, state department division chief, called for a quick solution.

Drum had checked in at the Central Hotel at 7 P. M. Fred Leone, a bellhop, had taken Drum to the 30th floor. Seven rooms were unoccupied, but Hugh Walton, a news correspondent, occupied the room adjoining Drum's.

After the bellhop had left, Drum had laid his topcoat over a chair, put the portfolio containing the documents into the drawer of a writing table, and stretched out on the bed for a ten-minute rest. When he left to go down for supper, he had made sure the door was locked and told the maid he would be back in half an hour.

But on his return Drum found the portfolio had been stolen! It looked like a tough riddle—until I began asking questions . . .



The maid interrupted: "Oh, I must have dropped that burned out fuse just now. The hall lights went out and I changed the fuse."



I found an electrician who was working on the fire stairs and asked him: "Has anyone used the stairs in the last two hours?" He shook his head.



I asked Drum: "Was everything exactly as you had left it?" He frowned. "Why, I can't say for sure. Say, what's that—a fuse?"



The bell boy told me: "The lights weren't out at any time. I've been on duty since early this evening." Walton, the newsman, was not in his room.



I tried the door connecting Walton's room with Drum's. It was locked. Then I noticed that the fuse I had just found was a brand new one.

Whom did I immediately accuse of stealing the papers—and why?

## SOLUTION

The Maid. She had entered Drum's room and accidentally dropped the fuse, then claimed it was an old one she had placed when the lights went out. But the bell boy was right: the lights had NOT gone out, because the fuse I found was BRAND NEW—not burned out. When I placed the maid under arrest she admitted that a stranger had offered to pay her \$500 for Drum's portfolio. Later, I caught the stranger at the cafe where the maid had told me she had agreed to meet him.



TELLS TIME  
BY THE SUN

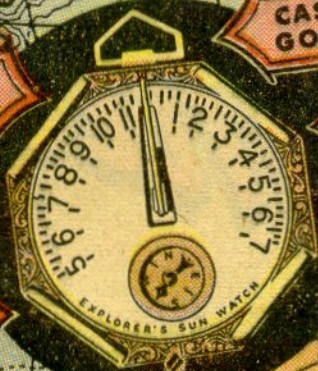
CASE AND STEM  
GOLDEN COLOR

METAL MIRROR  
FOR SIGNALING

PLASTIC DIAL  
GLOWS AT NIGHT

ACTUAL SIZE  
ILLUSTRATED

MAGNETIC  
COMPASS



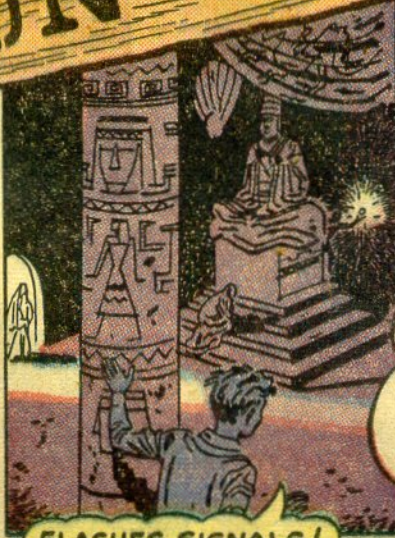
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**15¢**  
WITH  
WHEATIES  
BOXTOP



**TELLS DIRECTIONS!**

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# The RIDERS OF RATTLESNAKE RANGE

A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE

**RODEO**  
NEXT WEEK BIG CASH PRIZES

JACK AND HIS FRIENDS ARE VACATIONING AT THE LAZY L RANCH, OWNED BY JIM ELLIOTT, WHEN NEWS OF THE BIG RODEO WHIPS UP A FEVER OF EXCITEMENT AMONG RANCHMEN OF RATTLESNAKE RANGE...

THAT RODEO MONEY ISN'T PEANUTS, FOLKS! FIRST PRIZE IS ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

NO, THANKS, BETTY. I'LL LET JIM'S FOREMAN, JOE MURPHY, HANDLE THE BRONG-BUSTING CHORES.

HOWDY, ELLIOTT—I HOPE YOU'RE NOT FORGETTING MY NOTE ON YOUR LAZY L OUTFIT. IT FALLS DUE NEXT WEEK.

I'M NOT FORGETTING, FLYNN. YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY.

JACK, YOU'RE A GOOD RIDER—WHY DON'T YOU ENTER?



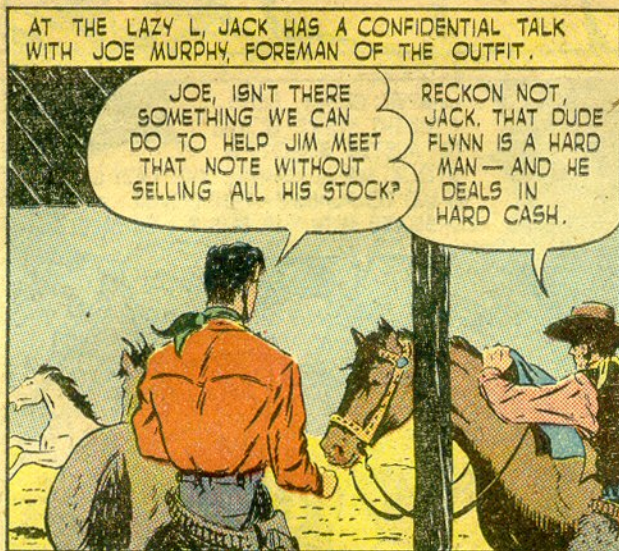


SAY, WHO WAS THAT  
CHEERY LITTLE RAY  
OF SUN-POISONING?



THAT'S FRANK  
FLYNN...HE HOLDS  
THE MORTGAGE ON  
MY RANCH. I'M  
AFRAID I'LL HAVE  
TO SELL MOST  
OF MY CATTLE TO  
MEET HIS NOTE.

I'VE HEARD OF HIM— HIS  
RANCH IS COMPLETELY  
MECHANIZED—HE SAYS  
HORSES ARE OLD-FASHIONED  
AND INEFFICIENT.



JOE, ISN'T THERE  
SOMETHING WE CAN  
DO TO HELP JIM MEET  
THAT NOTE WITHOUT  
SELLING ALL HIS STOCK?

RECKON NOT,  
JACK. THAT DUDE  
FLYNN IS A HARD  
MAN—AND HE  
DEALS IN  
HARD CASH.



I'D HATE TO SEE  
A NICE GUY LIKE JIM  
ELLIOTT LOSE THE  
LAZY L. HE'S WORKED  
ALL HIS LIFE TO GET  
HIS OWN SPREAD.



THAT FLYNN'S A PUSH-BUTTON  
RANCHER...EVEN USES **JEeps**  
INSTEAD OF COW PONIES OVER  
AT HIS NEW-FANGLED  
FLYING F SPREAD.



SPEAKING OF COW PONIES,  
JOE, HOW ABOUT GIVING  
ME A FEW POINTERS ON  
BRONCO-BUSTING? YOU'RE  
AN EXPERT!

SURE THING,  
JACK, WE'LL  
START TOMORROW!



A WEEK LATER, AT FRANK FLYNN'S FLYING F RANCH...

ELLIOTT THINKS I DON'T  
KNOW IT— BUT HE'S SELLING  
A SHIPMENT OF CATTLE  
TO MEET MY NOTE.



BOYS, WE'VE GOT TO  
STOP HIM FROM  
MAKING THAT  
SHIPMENT!



LISTEN CLOSE, BOYS...  
TONIGHT WE'RE GOING  
TO RUSTLE ELLIOTT'S  
STOCK. WE'LL CHANGE THE LAZY L  
BRAND TO FLYING F— THEN COVER  
OURSELVES WITH THIS FAKE BILL OF SALE!

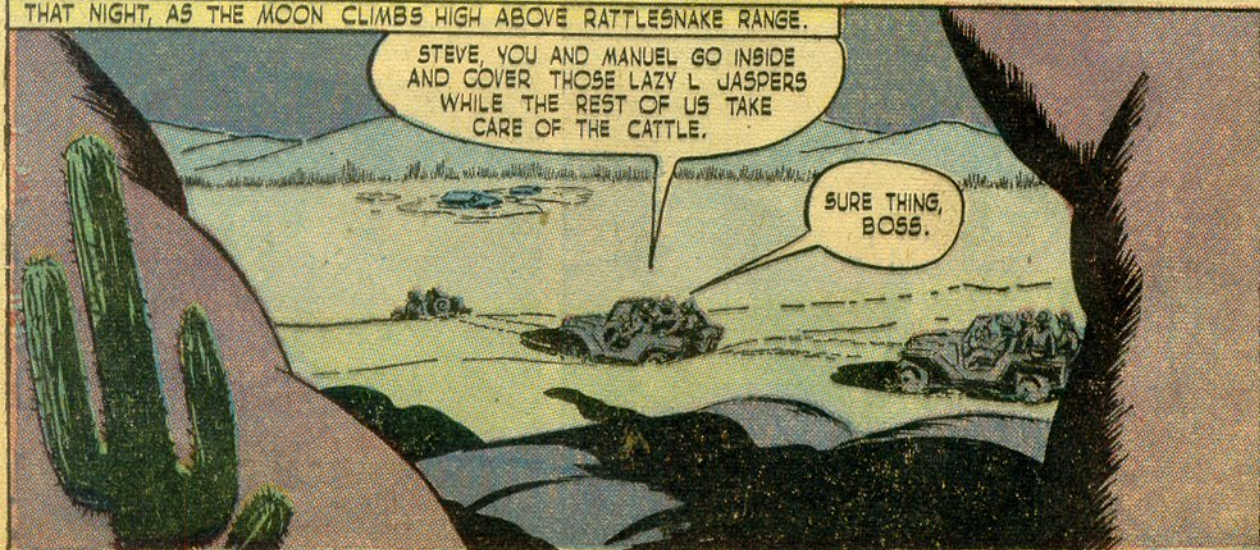
SLICK!



THAT NIGHT, AS THE MOON CLIMBS HIGH ABOVE RATTLESNAKE RANGE.

STEVE, YOU AND MANUEL GO INSIDE  
AND COVER THOSE LAZY L JASPERS  
WHILE THE REST OF US TAKE  
CARE OF THE CATTLE.

SURE THING,  
BOSS.







A HALF HOUR LATER, CHARLIE, THE CHINESE COOK,  
GLANCES IN THE BUNKHOUSE WINDOW...



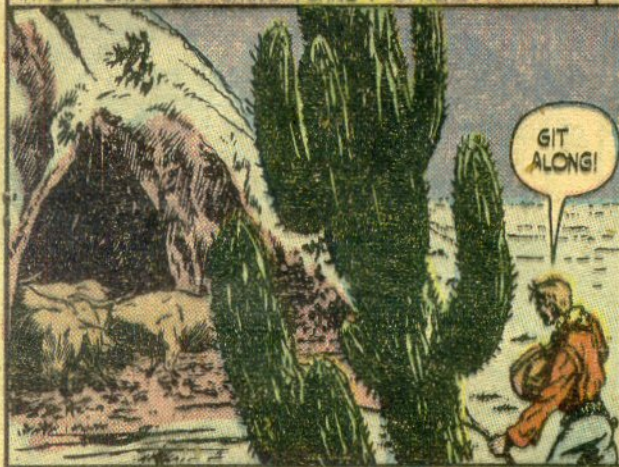


MEANWHILE, ON RATTLESNAKE RANGE—



PUSH 'EM HARD, BOYS, WE DON'T HAVE ALL NIGHT!

AN HOUR LATER, THE LAZY L CATTLE ARE HERDED INTO A CAVE ON FLYNN'S FLYING F SPREAD...



GIT ALONG!

THEY TRIED TO FOLLOW US— BUT WE LOST THEM AT THE RIVER. GOOD THING THOSE JEEPS ARE WATER-PROOFED.



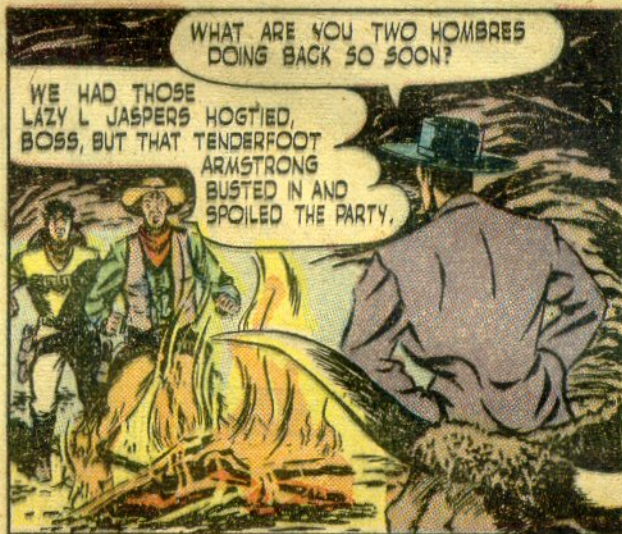
GET OUT THE ELECTRIC BRANDING IRONS AND GO TO WORK—I WANT EVERY LAZY L BRAND CHANGED BEFORE SUNUP.

ONCE WE GET THOSE BRANDS CHANGED, ELLIOTT IS LICKED—WE CAN TAKE OVER HIS OUTFIT JUST AS IF WE'D BOUGHT THE CATTLE, LEGAL-LIKE!



WHAT ARE YOU TWO HOMBRES DOING BACK SO SOON?

WE HAD THOSE LAZY L JASPERS HOGTIED, BOSS, BUT THAT TENDERFOOT ARMSTRONG BUSTED IN AND SPOILED THE PARTY.



THAT DOESN'T GIVE US MUCH TIME, BOSS.

WORK FAST-AND REMEMBER— NO SLIP-UPS!

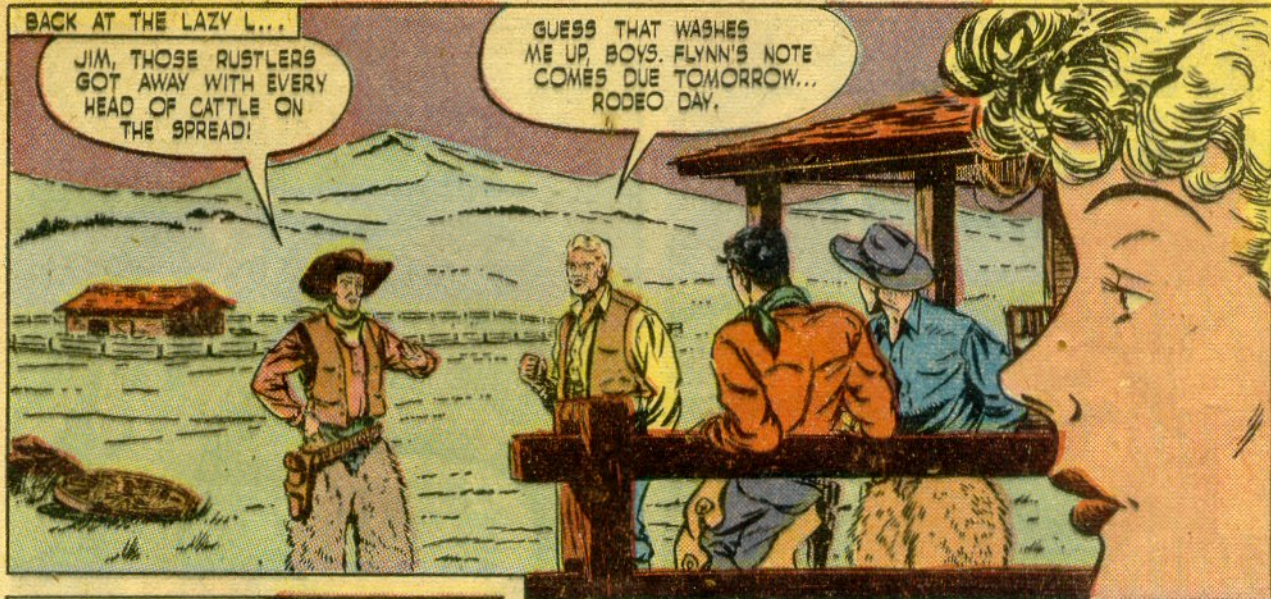




BACK AT THE LAZY L...

JIM, THOSE RUSTLERS  
GOT AWAY WITH EVERY  
HEAD OF CATTLE ON  
THE SPREAD!

GUESS THAT WASHES  
ME UP, BOYS. FLYNN'S NOTE  
COMES DUE TOMORROW...  
RODEO DAY.



RODEO DAY! SAY, JIM,  
WOULDN'T THAT  
THOUSAND-DOLLAR  
RODEO PRIZE MONEY  
COVER THE AMOUNT  
OF FLYNN'S NOTE?

WHY, YES,  
JACK, BUT—



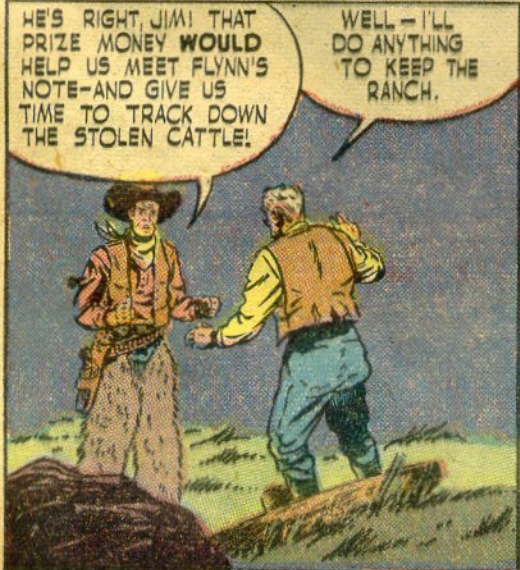
AND HAVEN'T YOU  
GOT THE RIDIN'EST  
CREW OF COWPOKES  
WEST OF THE  
MISSISSIPPI?

WHY, YES,  
BUT—

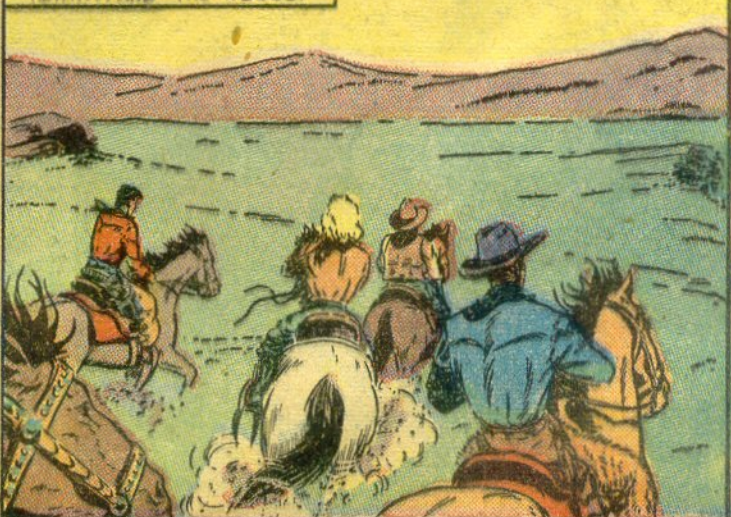


HE'S RIGHT, JIM! THAT  
PRIZE MONEY **WOULD**  
HELP US MEET FLYNN'S  
NOTE—AND GIVE US  
TIME TO TRACK DOWN  
THE STOLEN CATTLE!

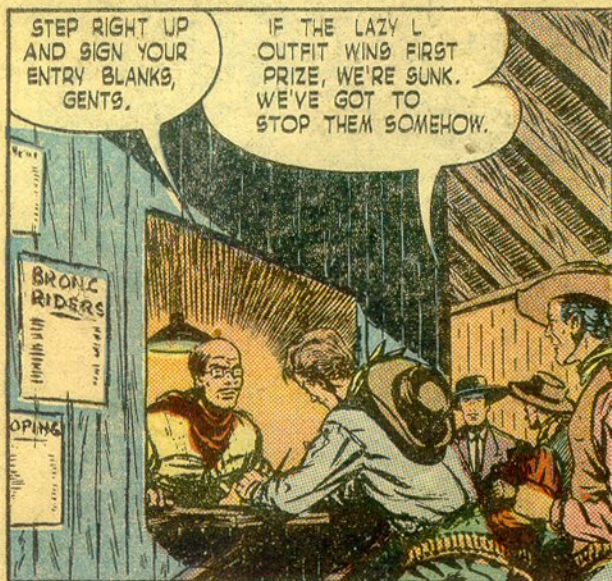
WELL—I'LL  
DO ANYTHING  
TO KEEP THE  
RANCH.



NEXT DAY, THE LAZY L OUTFIT SADDLES UP FOR THE RIDE INTO  
TOWN...AND THE RODEO.





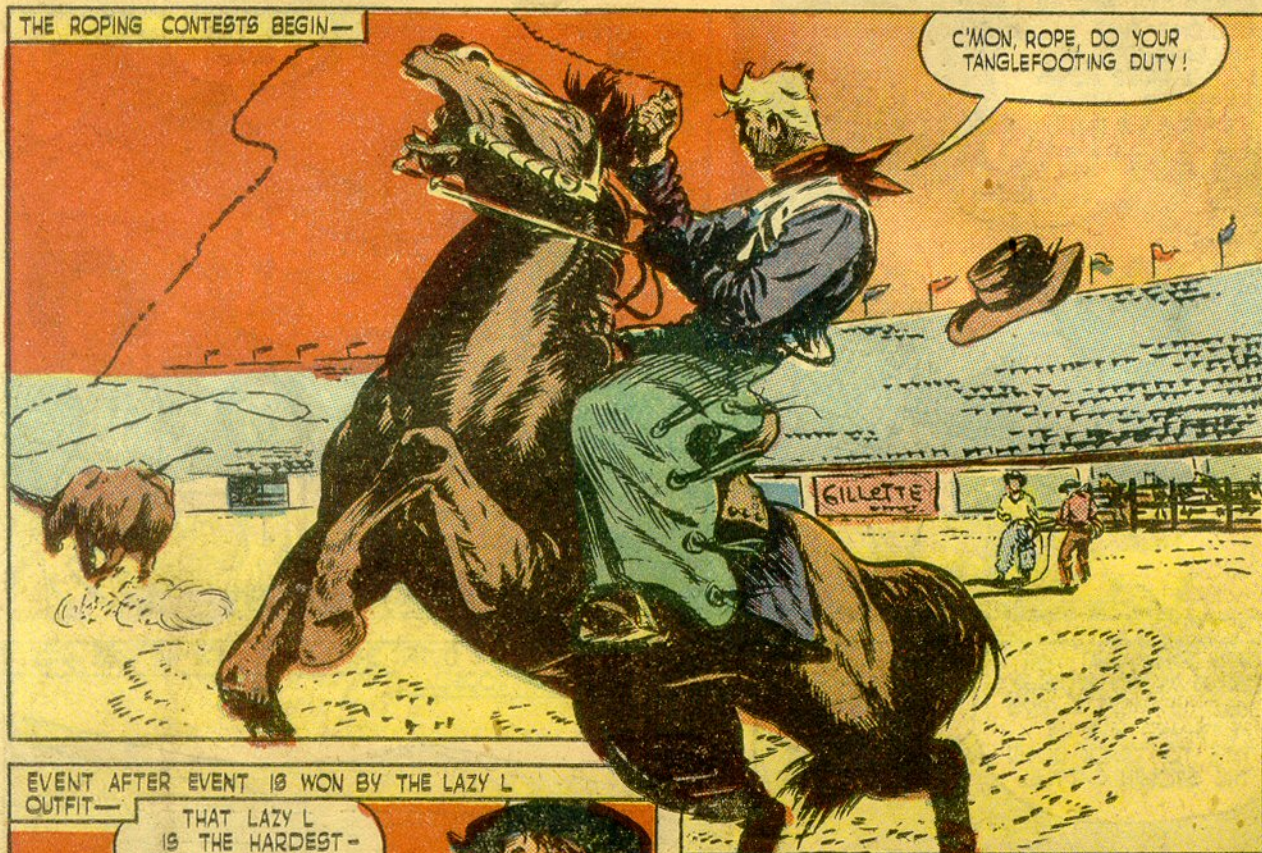


STEP RIGHT UP  
AND SIGN YOUR  
ENTRY BLANKS,  
GENTS.

IF THE LAZY L  
OUTFIT WINS FIRST  
PRIZE, WE'RE SUNK.  
WE'VE GOT TO  
STOP THEM SOMEHOW.

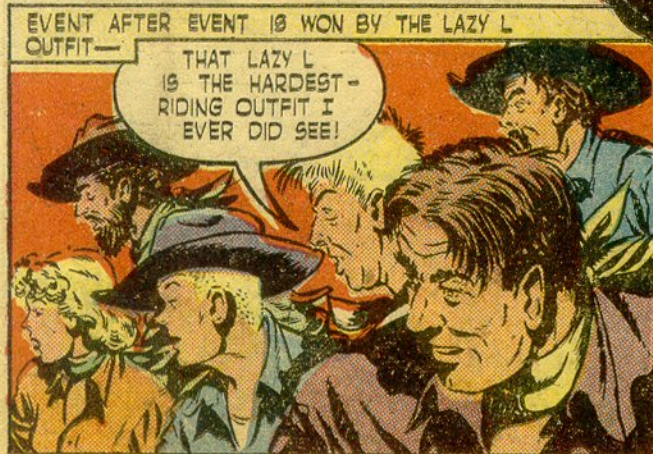


MURPHY'S THEIR  
BEST RIDER, EH?  
OKAY... GO TO  
WORK ON HIM!



THE ROPING CONTESTS BEGIN—

C'MON, ROPE, DO YOUR  
TANGLEFOOTING DUTY!



EVENT AFTER EVENT IS WON BY THE LAZY L  
OUTFIT—

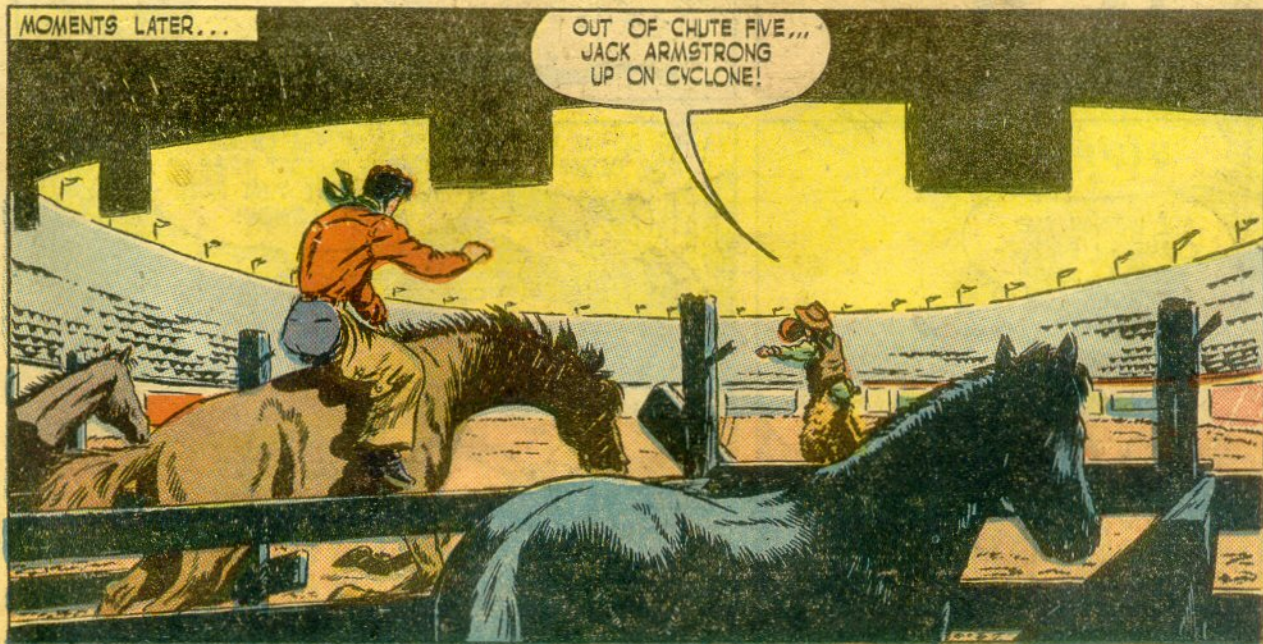
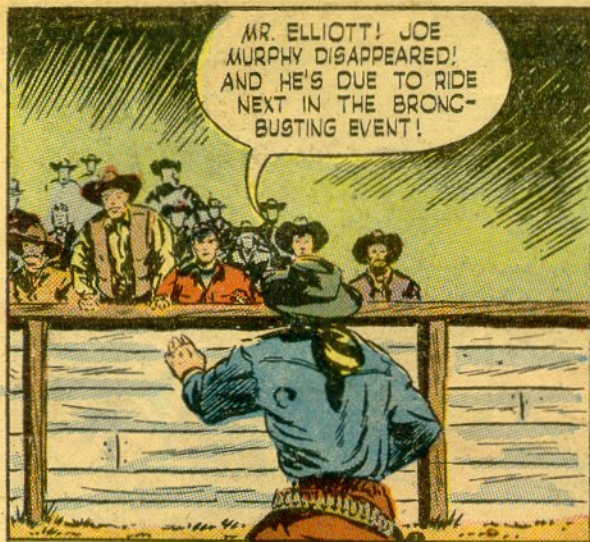
THAT LAZY L  
IS THE HARDEST-  
RIDING OUTFIT I  
EVER DID SEE!



THE BRONC-BUSTING EVENT...  
IS NEXT... DID YOU TAKE  
CARE OF MURPHY?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT  
MURPHY, BOSS. HE'S  
TIED UP TIGHTER'N A  
BRAHMA STEER.



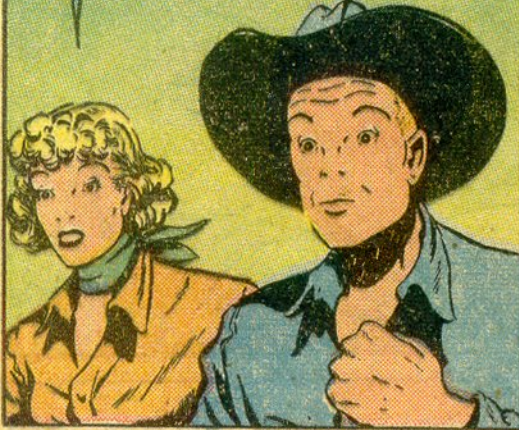




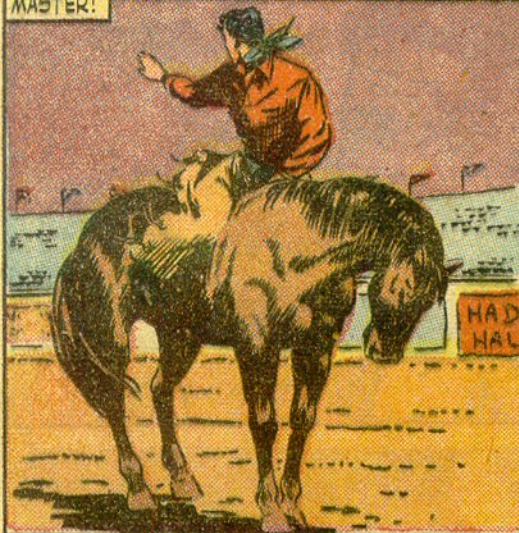
JACK HAS DRAWN ONE OF THE FIERCEST PACKAGES OF PURE WICKEDNESS EVER WRAPPED IN HORSEHIDE.

RISE HIM, JACK!

STAY WITH HIM, PAL!

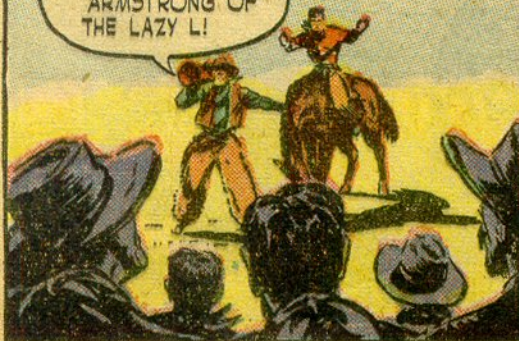


...UNTIL, FINALLY, AFTER A TERRIFIC BATTLE, THE EXHAUSTED ANIMAL ACKNOWLEDGES ITS MASTER!

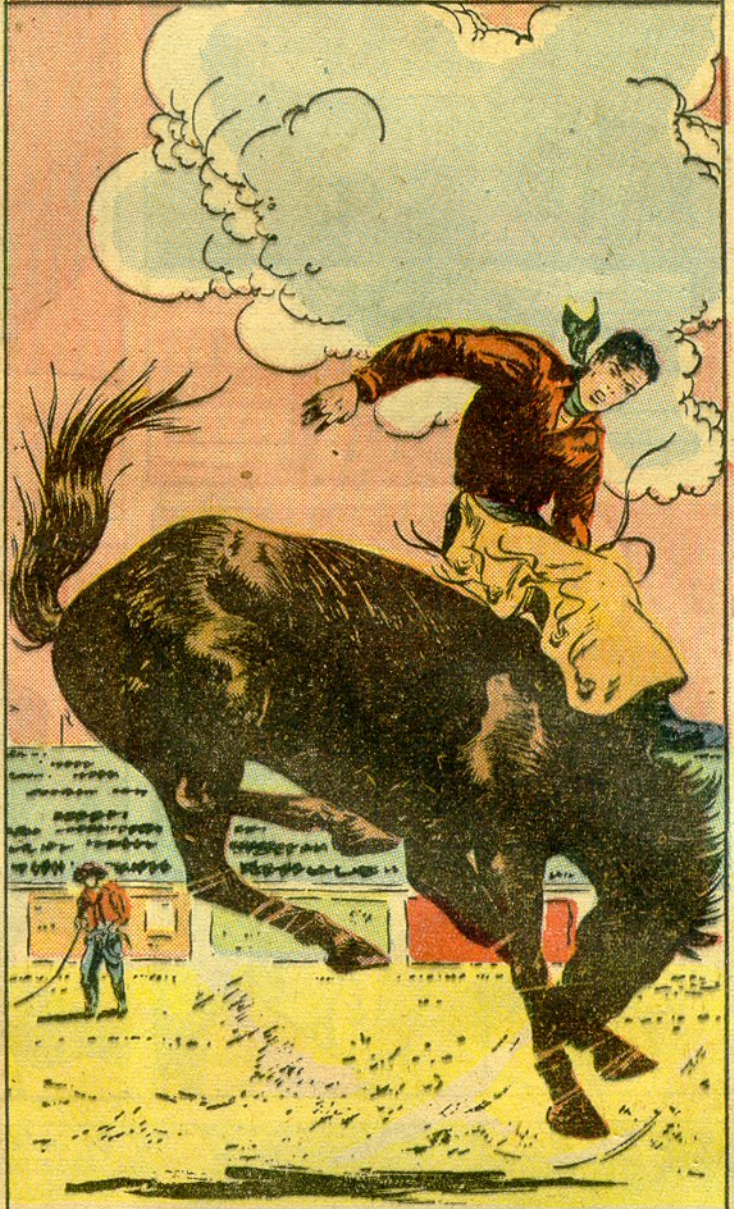


YIPPEE!

THE WINNAH AND CHAMPION BRONC-BUSTER... JACK ARMSTRONG OF THE LAZY LI!

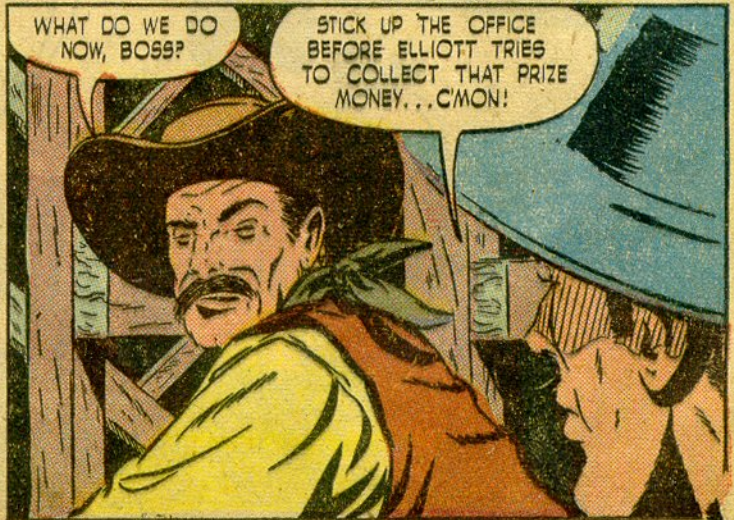


GRIMLY, JACK PITS HIS SKILL AND COURAGE AGAINST THE BRUTE FORCE AND CUNNING OF THE MAN-HATING OUTLAW...

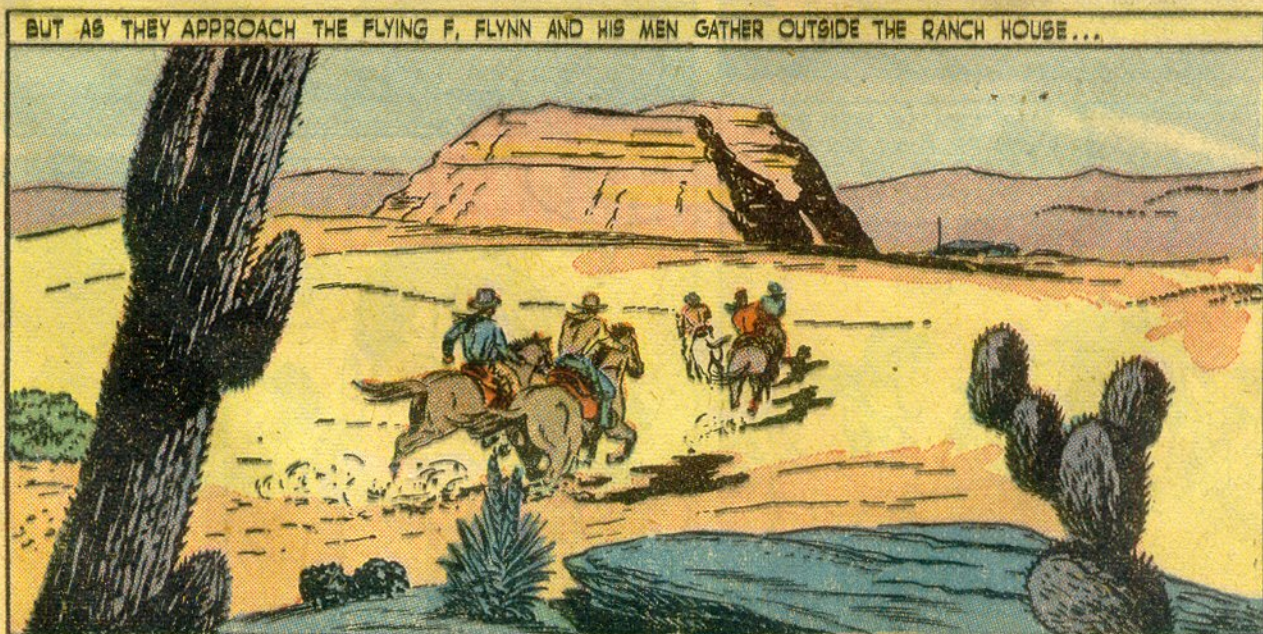
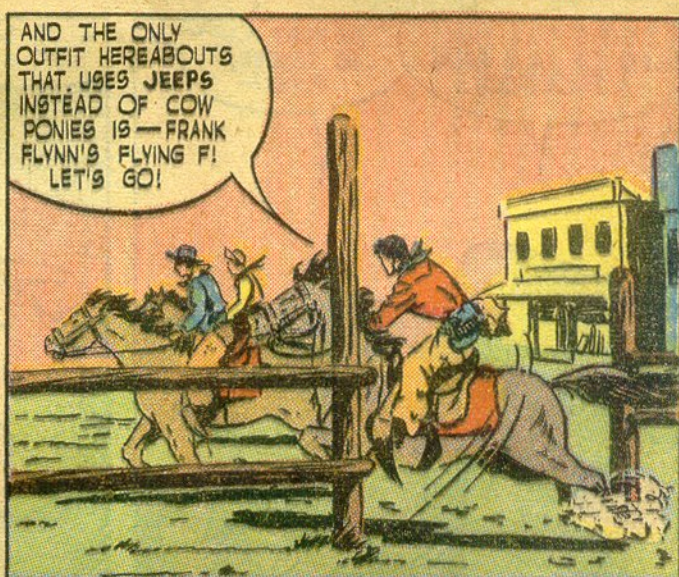
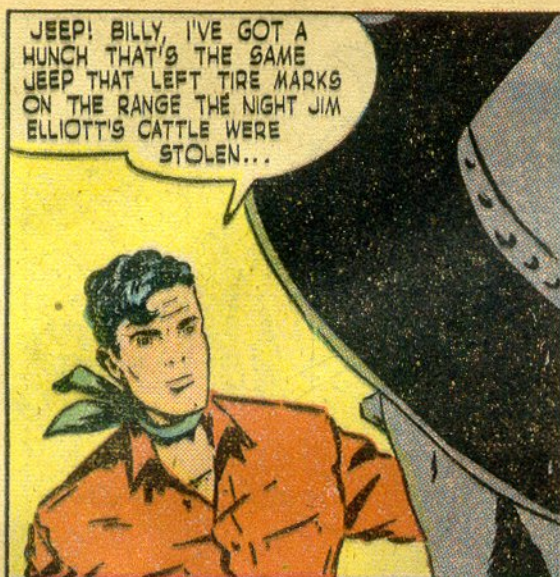


WHAT DO WE DO NOW, BOSS?

STICK UP THE OFFICE BEFORE ELLIOTT TRIES TO COLLECT THAT PRIZE MONEY... C/MON!















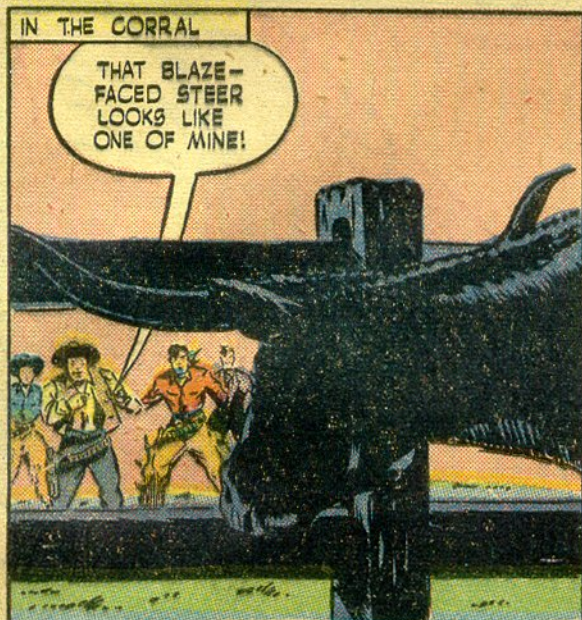
IT'S ALL HERE, JIM—ENOUGH TO MEET FLYNN'S NOTE!

THANK GOODNESS! NOW I CAN KEEP THE RANCH.



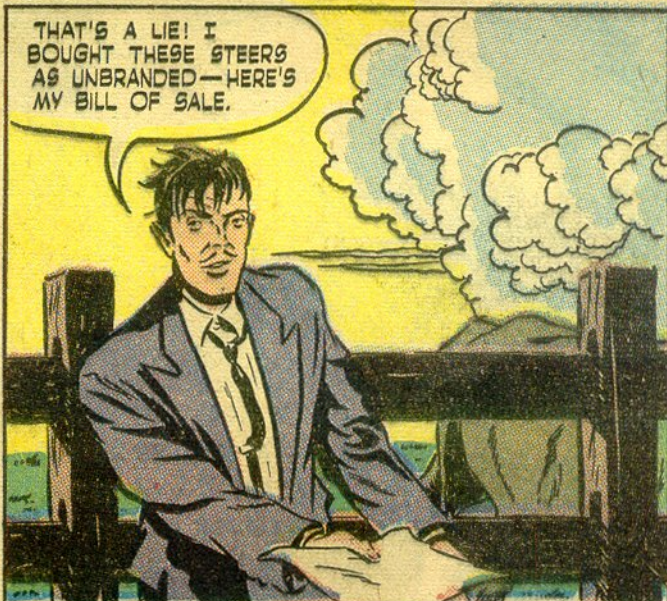
MR. ELLIOTT! WE JUST FOUND JOE MURPHY—ROPED AND GAGGED.

MAYBE YOU CAN EXPLAIN THAT, MR. FLYNN.

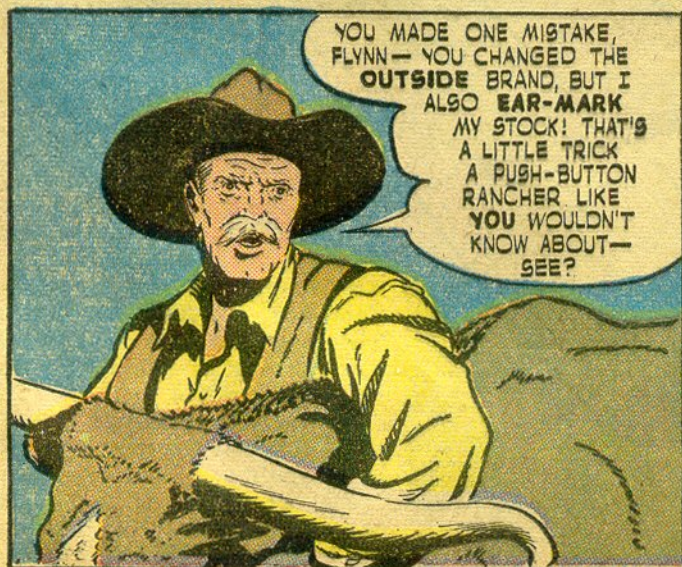


IN THE CORRAL

THAT BLAZE-FACED STEER LOOKS LIKE ONE OF MINE!



THAT'S A LIE! I BOUGHT THESE STEERS AS UNBRANDED—HERE'S MY BILL OF SALE.



YOU MADE ONE MISTAKE, FLYNN—YOU CHANGED THE OUTSIDE BRAND, BUT I ALSO EAR-MARK MY STOCK! THAT'S A LITTLE TRICK A PUSH-BUTTON RANCHER LIKE YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT—SEE?



COME ALONG, FLYNN. RUSTLING AND ARMED ROBBERY COME UNDER THE SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT, AND I THINK HE HAS A QUIET LITTLE CELL—ESPECIALLY EAR-MARKED FOR YOU!



# South of SEA HORSE

BY  
Willis Lindquist  
Author of "Tortuga Trap"

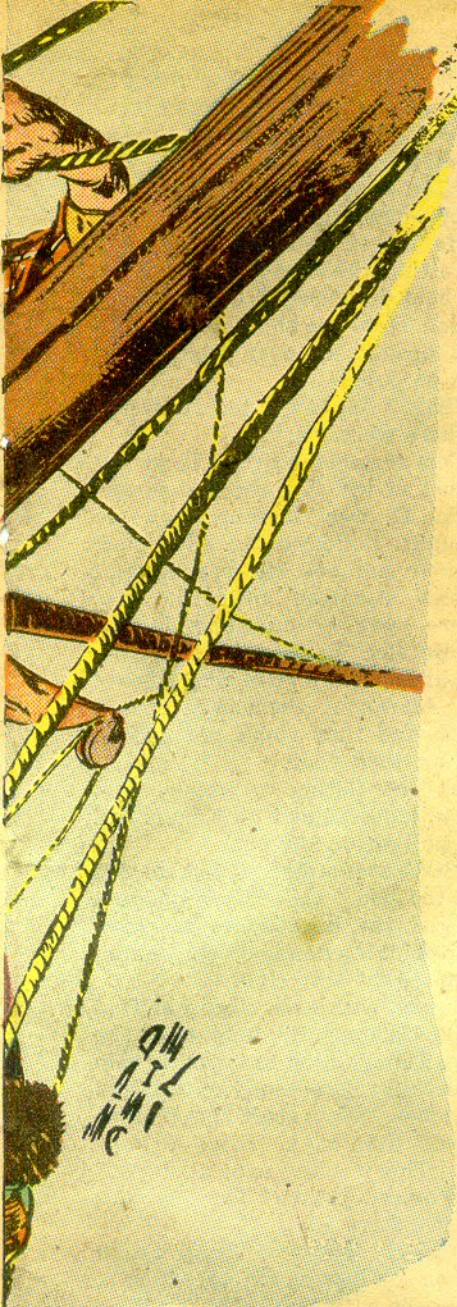
Slow death by freezing faces this young Arctic whaler in his desperate search for lost shipmates . . . for no one had ever been known to live through a winter in the ice pack south of Sea Horse

FROM the masthead of the trapped Arctic whaler, the Hercules, young Joel searched the western horizon for his friend Tom and the two harpooners. They had been gone since yesterday morning. A searching party had failed to find them.

To the west there was nothing to be seen but the blinding glare of broken ice.

Joel swallowed. It seemed so hopeless now. From his perch on the topgallant yardarm, he could





Snarling and slaving, the hungry beast humped after him. Then, like a great white cat, it crouched. Slowly, carefully, it crept out along the boom.

see the dark cliffs of Sea Horse Island far to the north. Eastward lay three other square-riggers of the Arctic fleet, hopelessly caught in the ice pack.

Only the Pioneer and the Novarich had got through before the ice closed in. Now they were riding at anchor in the open a few hundred yards to the south. They were standing by a few more hours to take off the crews of the doomed ships.

"Doomed?" Captain Haggis had roared when Joel asked him about

it. "By the great harpooner! This, boy, is the ice pack south of Sea Horse. No ship ever lived in it through a winter."

Joel understood that now. He searched the west again for Tom, the second mate. He knew, with a feeling of desperation, that there wasn't much time left. Captain Haggis would wait only a few minutes more before abandoning ship.

A booming sound like low thunder suddenly whipped through the ice pack. The great pack was shifting again, huge blocks of ice exploding into fine dust under the grinding pressure.

Joel felt a hard jolt under him. A splintering, cracking sound came from below. The mast quivered, gear clattered. Then silence.

Joel slid down a backstay to the icy deck. Captain Haggis and Chips were coming from the forward hatch, their faces grim.

"That finishes it," said the captain. "She's all cracked up like an eggshell."

Chips nodded hopelessly. "Another week and she'll be all matchwood and old iron."

The order was given to abandon ship. By this time the crew was ready for it and quickly gathered on the ice with their sea bags and small chests.

Joel thought of Tom. Tom had to have one last chance. "Captain Haggis," he said, "let me stay half an hour. I'll send some more signals with the fog horn. I can catch up to you."

The captain hesitated. "If the Pioneer waits much longer she'll be frozen in, too."

"I've got a feeling Tom is close by," Joel went on. "I wish you'd let me stay, sir."

"Very well. Half an hour. Watch the time!"

As the crew started like a dark worm across the ice pack, Joel went to the foghorn, not at all sure what he would do if Tom didn't show up in time.

When the half hour was up, Joel knew that he couldn't leave. If Tom were well, leaving him on the ice pack wasn't exactly a death sentence. Tom could always get over to Sea Horse Island and weather a hard winter with the natives. But if he were very badly hurt . . .

Joel tightened his lips. He knew he had to stay.

An hour passed. The sun was setting and the lowing of the foghorn from the Pioneer told him that the crew was aboard and waiting for him.

He signaled back. As long as they knew he was still there, they would wait. They had to!

He went aloft once more to the topgallant yard and looked westward. There was nothing to be seen but the silent wilderness of treacherous ice.

He went down. In the galley he made some coffee. With the gathering dusk there came a strange and lonely silence. Now and then the ice boomed, followed by the shudder and creak of timbers. But the sound he wanted desperately to hear, the sound of Tom's voice, did not come.

Joel suddenly set down his coffee cup, listened. There was a shuffling sound on deck. Someone was out there.

With his heart hammering wildly, he stepped out, hurried forward to the ladder. No one was there. No one at all.

"Tom! Hey, Tom!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

A thin voice came floating back. Or was it an echo?

As he opened his mouth to call again, he froze. Something had moved behind him. There was a deep growl. He spun.

A great white polar bear lumbered onto the hatch and reared in the twilight.

Joel felt his scalp tighten. He was cut off from his quarters and the galley. With a desperate leap, he scrambled up on the fore-castle head. He streaked across it and out onto the jibboom.

Snarling and slaving, the hungry beast humped after him. At the jibboom it paused, the flat head swinging, looking down at the ice fifteen feet below. Then, like a great white cat, it crouched. Slowly, carefully, it crept out along the boom.

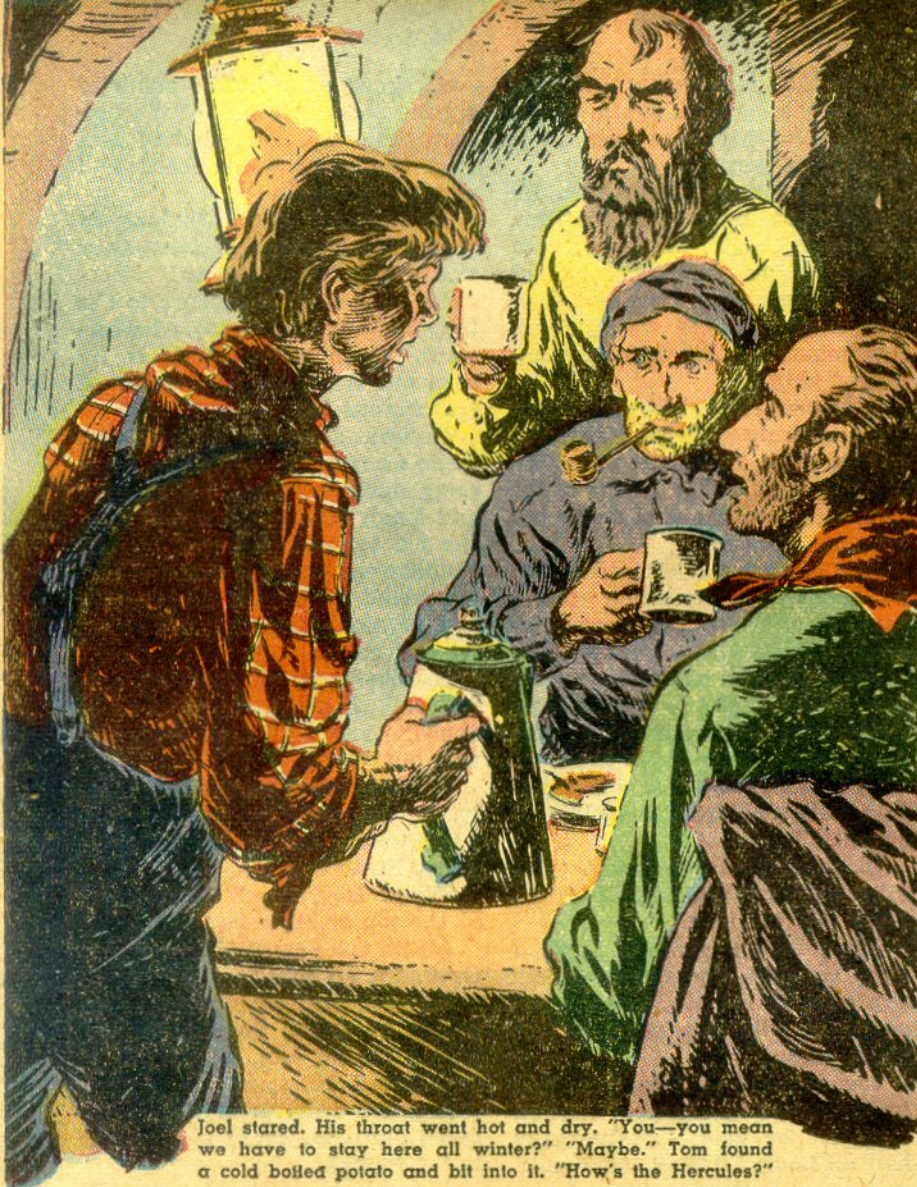
At the end of the boom, Joel watched. He was helpless, trapped. The bear could reach him. One swipe of its paw and they'd both fall to the ice below.

The shouts did not seem real at first. They came like sounds in a dream. Then he recognized Tom's deep voice.

"Don't move, Joel!" Tom yelled. "Stay fast!"

The bear looked toward the





Joel stared. His throat went hot and dry. "You—you mean we have to stay here all winter?" "Maybe." Tom found a cold boiled potato and bit into it. "How's the Hercules?"

voice—its last look. Even before Joel heard the crack of a rifle, the big beast was tumbling from the boom.

Two more shots were necessary to finish it. And then Tom and the harpooners were on deck, rushing Joel to the galley for food and coffee, asking him questions as they ate and warmed themselves over the stove.

"We've got to hurry," Joel explained the situation. "Captain Haggis said the Pioneer couldn't wait much longer."

Tom, big, square-shouldered, finished his coffee. An odd look came to his face. "Don't you know, Joel?"

"Know what?"

"There's a south wind blowing. Those ships sailed an hour ago. They had to beat up wind or get tossed back on the ice. This place is too deep for good anchorage."

Joel stared. His throat went hot and dry. "You—you mean we have to stay here all winter?"

"Maybe." Tom found a cold boiled potato and bit into it. "How's the Hercules?"

"Got pinched this afternoon. Most of the bottom's chewed off."

Tom looked at the harpooners. "What did I tell you? These big square bottoms never do have any chance. Take the Grampus now, she's built down sharper than a canoe."

The Grampus, Joel remembered, was the little three-master, the second ship over in the ice pack. He shook his head. "She seems to have a bad list."

Tom whacked the table. "She's either going down, or popping up on the ice. Eat up, my buckies! We're going over to have a look."

It made no sense to Joel, and when they started across the ice

with their gear a few minutes later, he said, "The Grampus can't take it either. She'll be toothpicks by spring."

"You may be right," grunted Tom, sounding hopeless.

He leaned into the wind, and for a time the deep booming of the ice field discouraged their conversation. Here and there wide cracks had opened up over which they had to jump.

"Say!" Joel exploded suddenly. "Where were you?"

Tom scrambled over a large upthrust of ice. "At the end of the pack. It was farther than we thought. Followed the edge back around and got lost last night."

Joel stumbled over the ice. There were bright stars in the Arctic sky. It brought back the loneliness. They were like prisoners. All about them was frozen death and they could not escape for another year.

At the listing Grampus, Joel found lanterns and they examined the hull inside and out.

"Some seams started, but they're not too bad," was Tom's opinion. He set the harpooners to work with caulking hammers and oakum to make the ship tight.

Armed with axes, Joel and Tom walked around the outside of the ship. Tom pointed to large thrusts of ice that threatened to stove in the sides. "We'll start chopping at these," Tom said. "Take off your coat. This is going to be all night."

"You crazy, Tom? The Grampus doesn't have wings!"

"Chop!" growled Tom. Small bits of ice flew as his ax bit deep.

He set a furious pace, as if he were racing against minutes. Joel tried to keep up with him. In an hour they had worked around the ship. But the wind had risen to howling force and the shifting pack sawed dangerously at the ship's outer skin.

"Got to keep at it," Tom gasped.

Keep at it they did. The harpooners joined them after a couple of hours. Joel had peeled to his shirt sleeves, but he was sweating and his muscles ached.

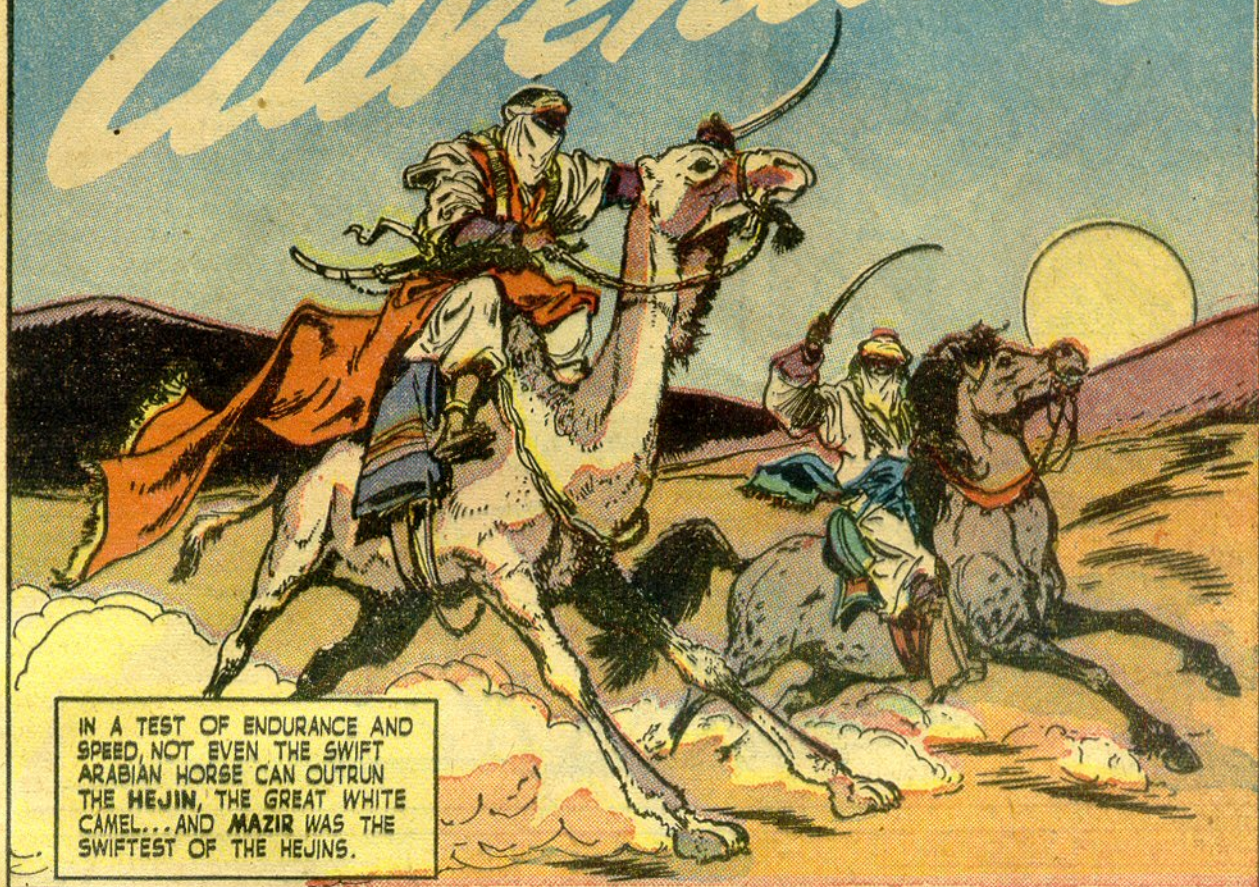
Hours passed. Once when the ice shifted suddenly, Joel fell into the icy water up to his neck. Tom pulled him free just a moment before the ice snapped closed again like a great jaw.

"Get into the galley," Tom

(Continued on page 40)



# ARABIAN *Adventure*

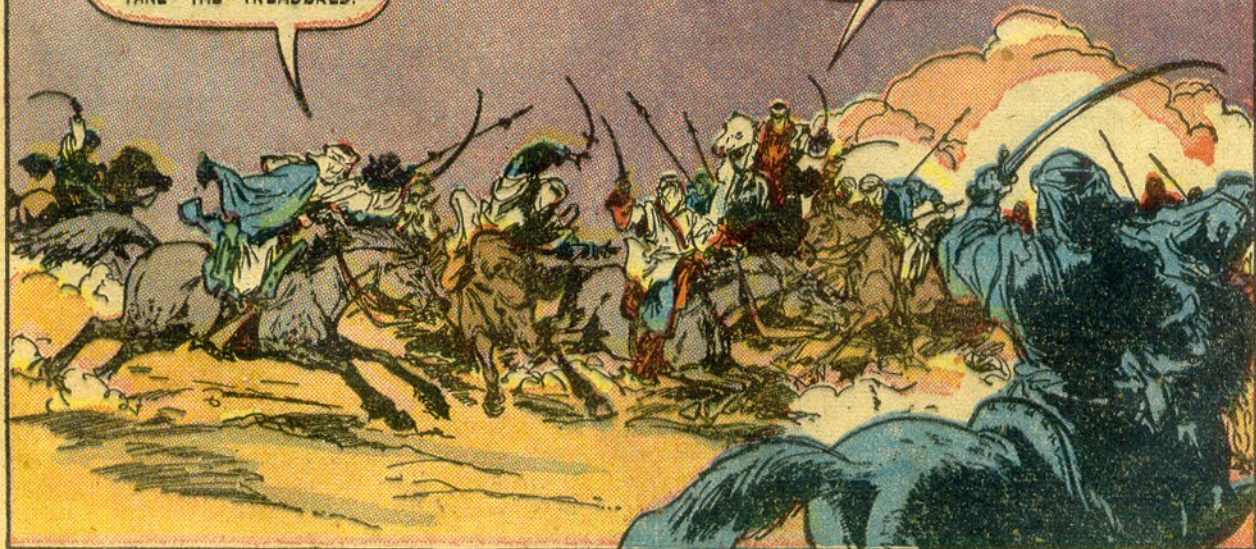


IN A TEST OF ENDURANCE AND SPEED, NOT EVEN THE SWIFT ARABIAN HORSE CAN OUTFRAN THE HEJIN, THE GREAT WHITE CAMEL...AND MAZIR WAS THE SWIFTEST OF THE HEJINS.

OUTLAW BEDOUINS SWOOP DOWN ON ALI'S CARAVAN.

KILL THE MEN AND  
TAKE THE TREASURES!

I WILL AVENGE  
THIS OUTRAGE!





OF ALL MY CARAVAN, ONLY I  
HAVE ESCAPED. THAT IS  
BECAUSE MAZIR, MY WHITE HEJIN,  
HAS SUCH GREAT SPEED!



AT THE HEAD OF A HUNDRED ARMED  
HORSEMEN...

WE RIDE TO MEET  
THE OUTLAWS!

WE FOLLOW WHERE ALI  
LEADS ON HIS  
RACING HEJIN.



AT THE OASIS OF AKAR, ALI STOPS AT THE TENT OF SHEIK  
IBRAHIM...

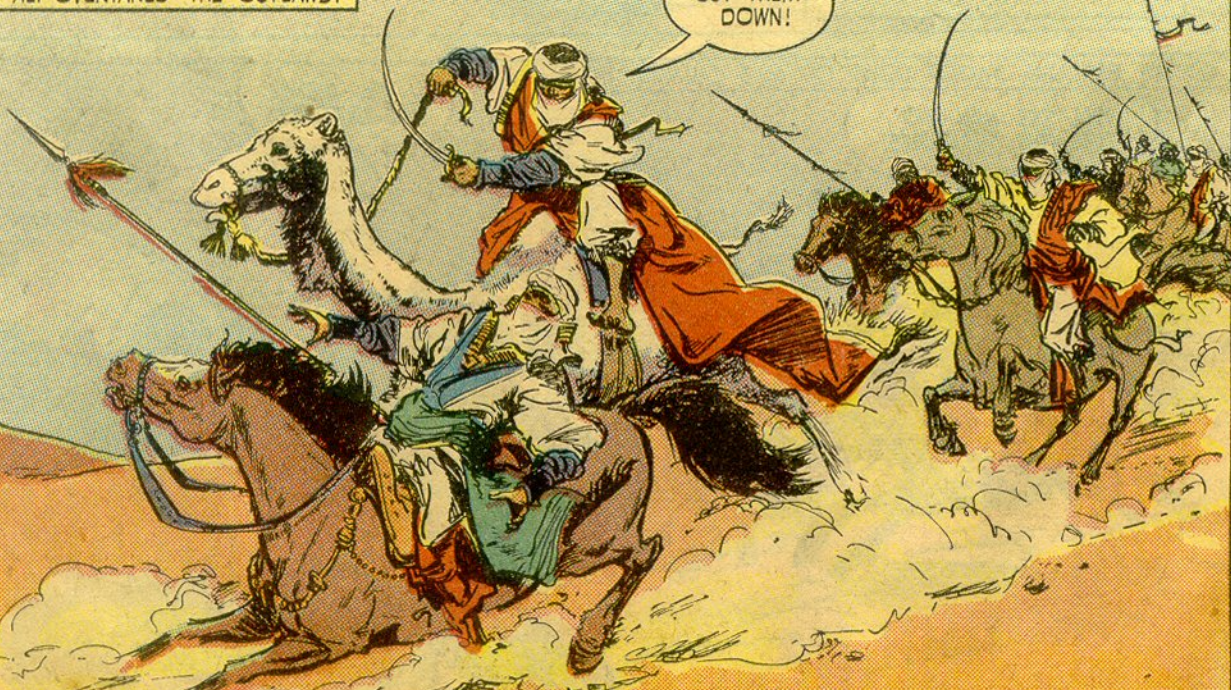
SHEIK IBRAHIM, GIVE ME  
A HUNDRED MEN THAT  
I MAY PURSUE AND  
FIGHT THOSE OUTLAW  
BEDOUINS.

MY WARRIORS GATHER  
IN THE HILLS. YOU SHALL  
HAVE YOUR REVENGE,  
ALI!

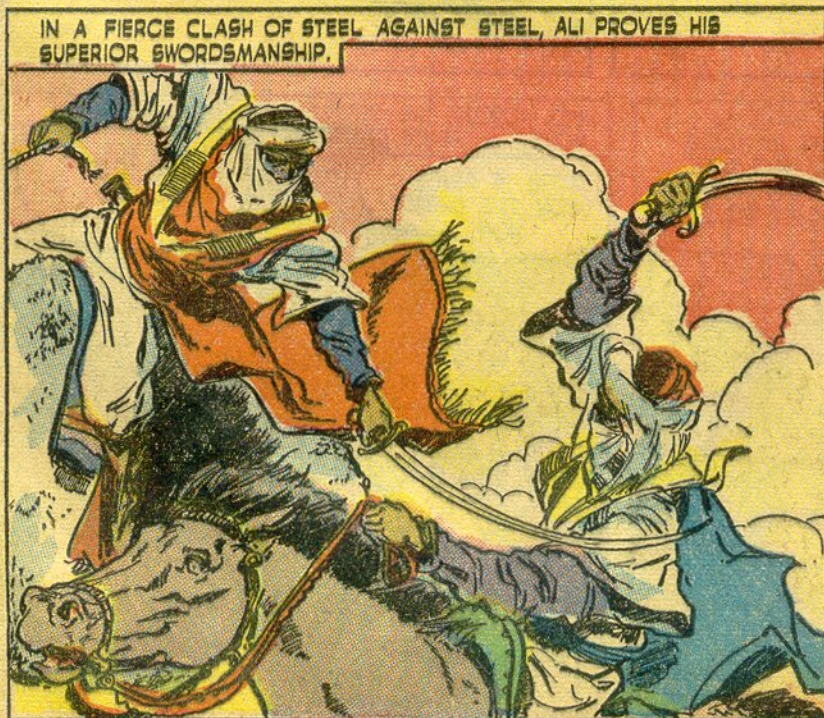
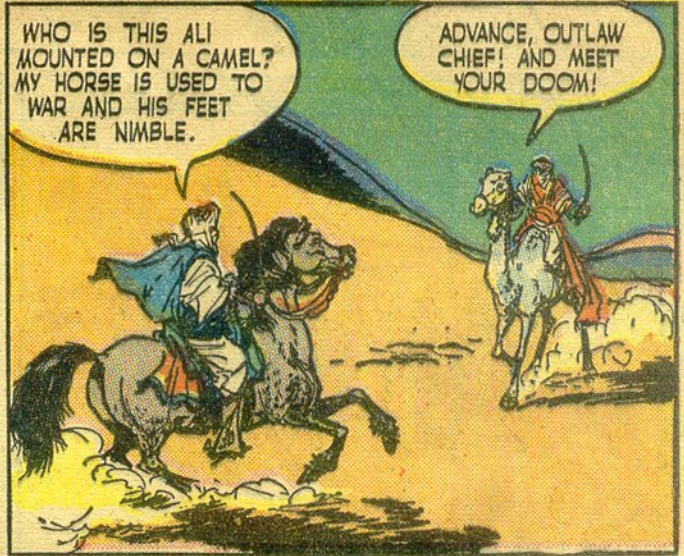


— ALI OVERTAKES THE OUTLAWS!

CUT THEM  
DOWN!

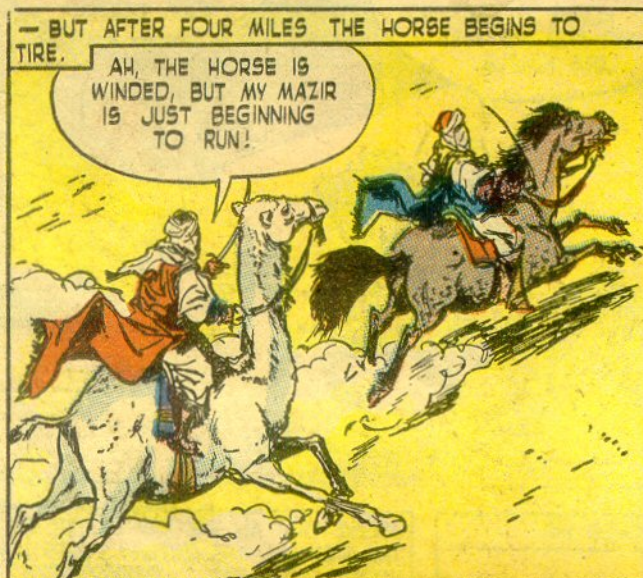
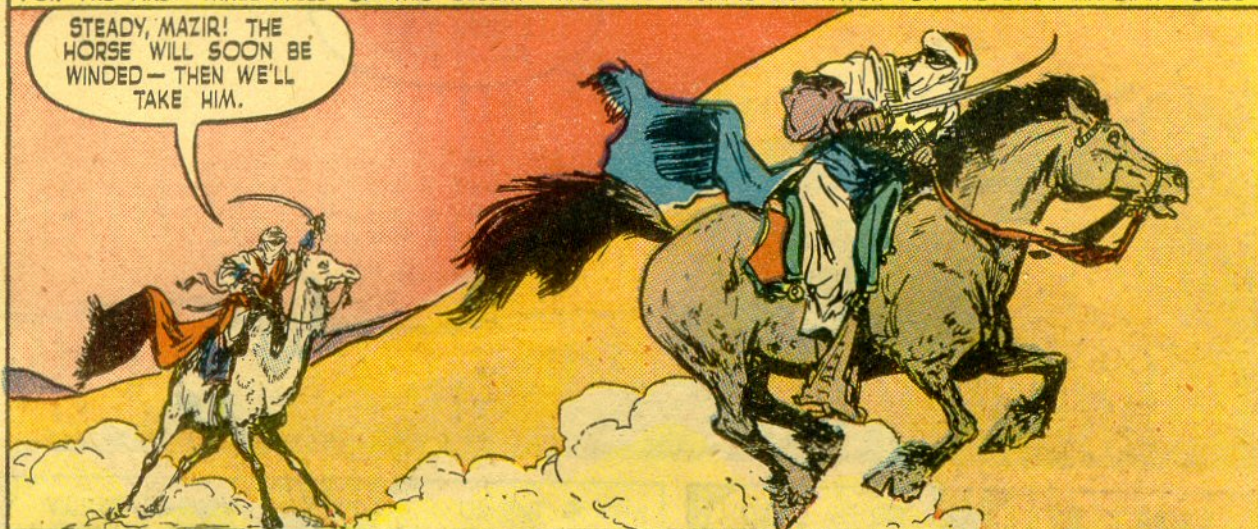








FOR THE FIRST THREE MILES OF THIS DESERT CHASE THE HEJIN IS NO MATCH FOR THE SWIFT ARABIAN HORSE—





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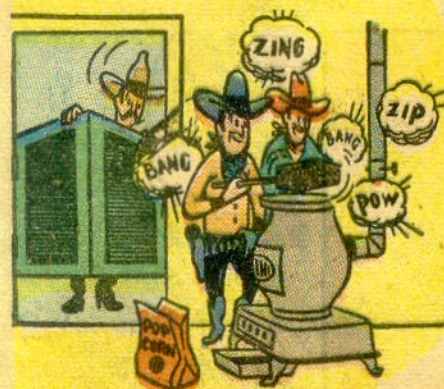
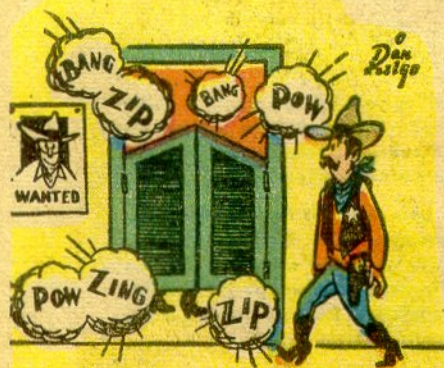
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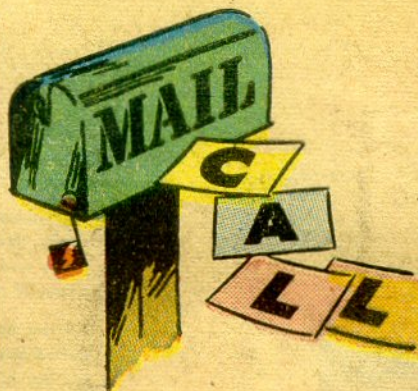
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Carl Moore  
 President, Comics Club  
 Hudson, N. Y.

#### Thanks, Leon, We'll Try!

I have read your Jack Armstrong Magazine and like it very much. It is very much like the radio program and I suggest you keep it just the way it is now.

Leon Lederer  
 San Gabriel, Calif.

#### Action! Mystery! Thrills!

I enjoyed reading the Jack Armstrong stories because of their action and mystery . . . I kept wondering what would happen next.

The Betty Fairfield story was full of action and thrills—so was "Split Seconds in Sports."

I like many kinds of books: those about the Bible, history, science, and geography.

Edna Hutt  
 Salisbury, Md.

#### Just What We Like to Hear!

There are other programs . . . to which I listen, and other magazines that I like, but Jack Armstrong is my favorite. I like the sports and other features . . .

I have the first Jack Armstrong Magazine and . . . am looking forward to the next. I have no ideas to offer except to keep it jammed full of action the way it is now.

Adney Johnson  
 Palmer, Mass.

## SOUTH OF SEA HORSE

(Continued from page 34)

ordered. "Fix something for us while you're drying yourself."

Somehow the little Hercules had miraculously righted itself. When they had eaten, Tom kept the men on the ship. "The ice pack's too loose now. That south wind is breaking it up."

The wind began to fall toward morning. It was warmer and it swung to the southwest. And then at dawn, after sixteen hours of darkness, Joel stared, speechless, as if some miracle had taken place. Open water was only a few yards from the ship!

The seas were sweeping the loose ice eastward, eating into the loosened pack, melting it. The Hercules could feel the swells as she rode in the mush ice.

By noon they had topsails and courses and jibs set and drawing on the starboard tack. The four of them rolled ship by running methodically from one side of the vessel to the other, carrying whatever they could find to make themselves heavier.

Slowly, working through the ice mush, the Hercules inched ahead until she finally broke through to the open sea.

A big harpooner raised his arms over his head in a joyous shout. "First ship ever to clear the Sea Horse ice pack!"

"This ship belongs to the four of us now," shouted Tom. "We salvaged it!"

"Frisco next stop!" sang out Joel from the wheel.

Tom came back to him, grinning. "Yes, thanks to you, Joel."

Joel laughed. "Don't give me blubber. I didn't even know what you were doing."

"You can ask the harpooners," Tom said seriously. "When we came back to the ship we were planning to get supplies and make for Sea Horse Island. Then we found you. That's what decided me. You had marrow enough to wait for us. I figured I had to show the same kind of marrow. And that's exactly why I took what I thought was an impossible chance on the Grampus."

Joel looked out beyond the jib. It seemed misty out there. But somehow it cleared up when he rubbed his eyes.



A NEW BETTY FAIRFIELD ADVENTURE

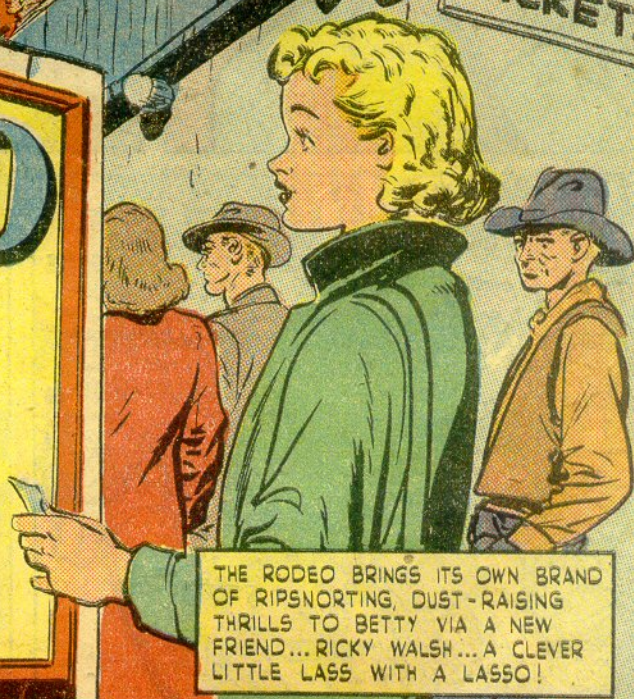
# DANGER

# on the Hoof

# RODEO



TICKETS

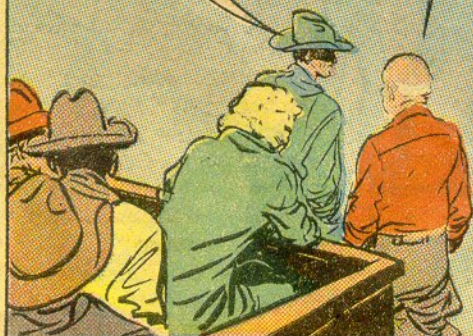


THE RODEO BRINGS ITS OWN BRAND OF RIPSNOTTING, DUST-RAISING THRILLS TO BETTY VIA A NEW FRIEND... RICKY WALSH... A CLEVER LITTLE LASS WITH A LASSO!

BETTY WATCHES — AND LISTENS — FROM A FRONT-ROW BOX...

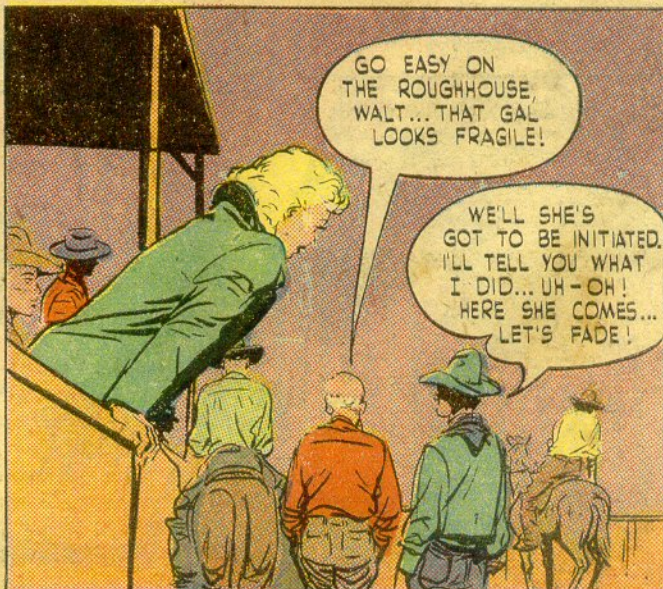
SAY, CURLY, I JUST PULLED A HUMDINGER OF A TRICK ON THAT NEW GAL... SHE'LL BE ONE SURPRISED MUCHACHA!

YOU MEAN RICKY WALSH, THE NEW COWGIRL?

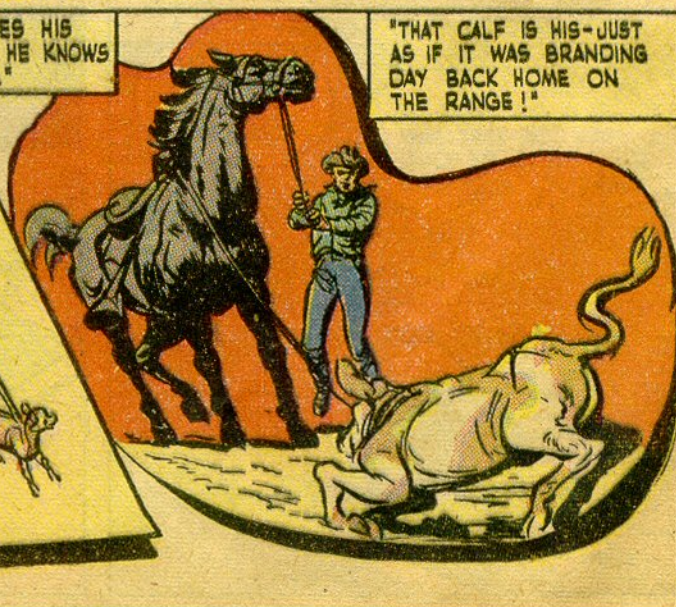
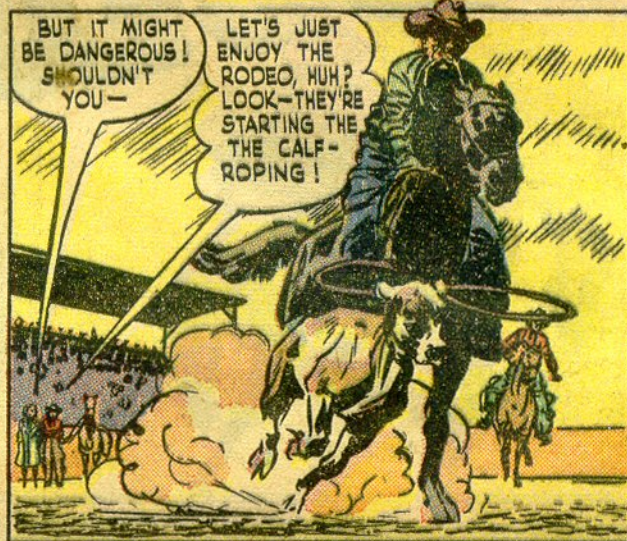
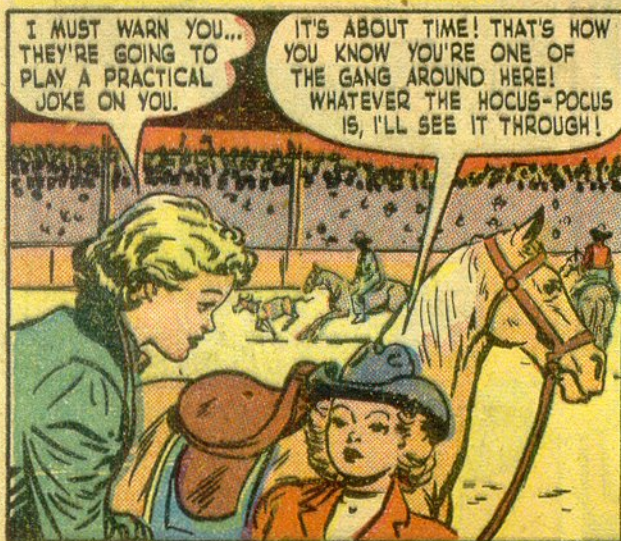
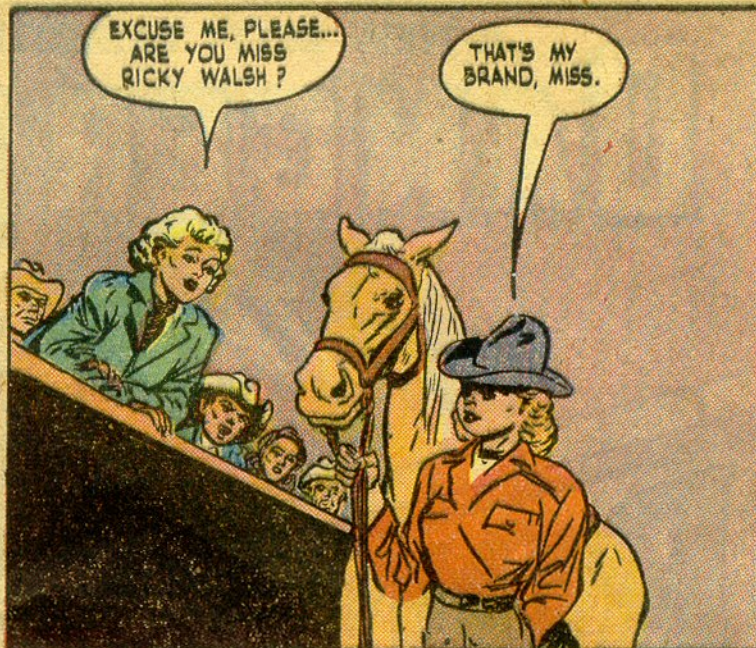
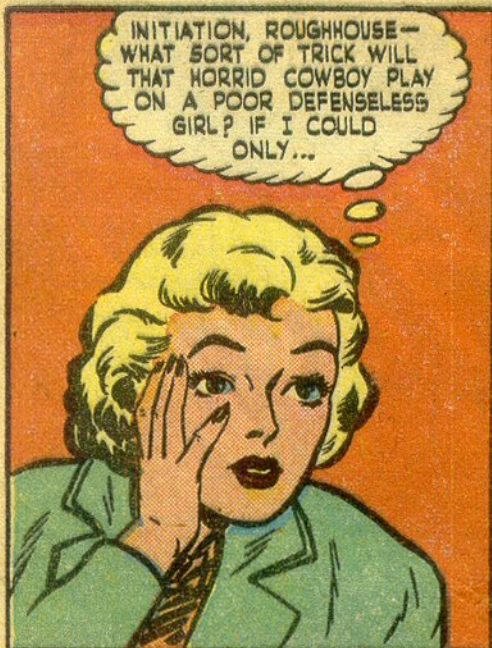


GO EASY ON THE ROUGHHOUSE, WALT... THAT GAL LOOKS FRAGILE!

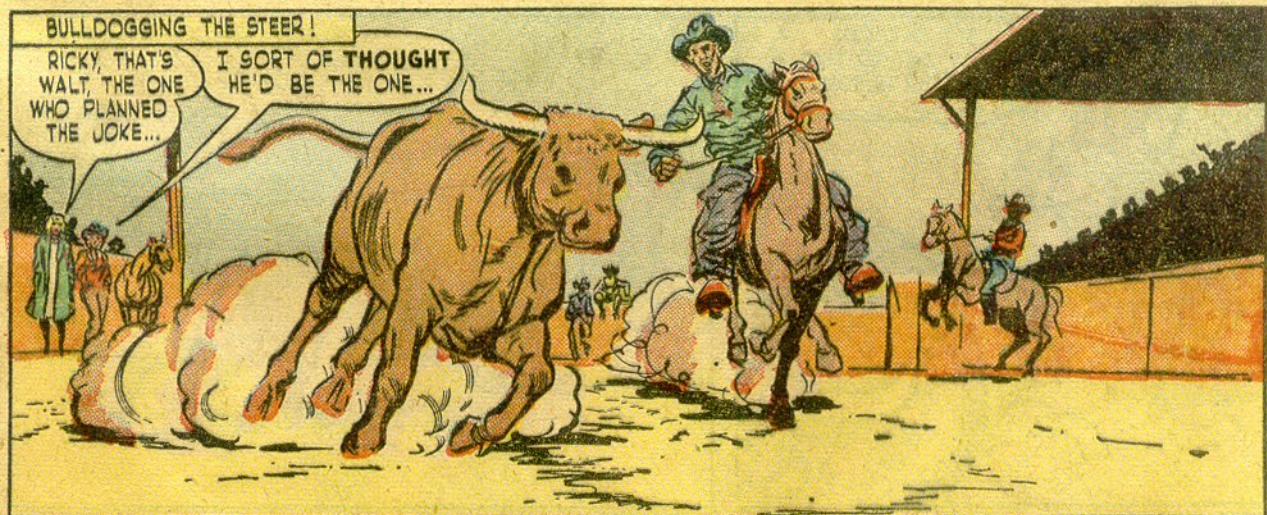
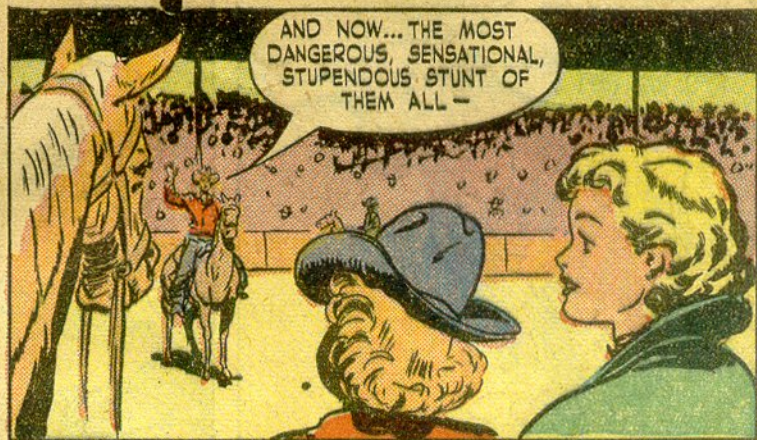
WE'LL SHE'S GOT TO BE INITIATED. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I DID... UH-OH! HERE SHE COMES... LET'S FADE!











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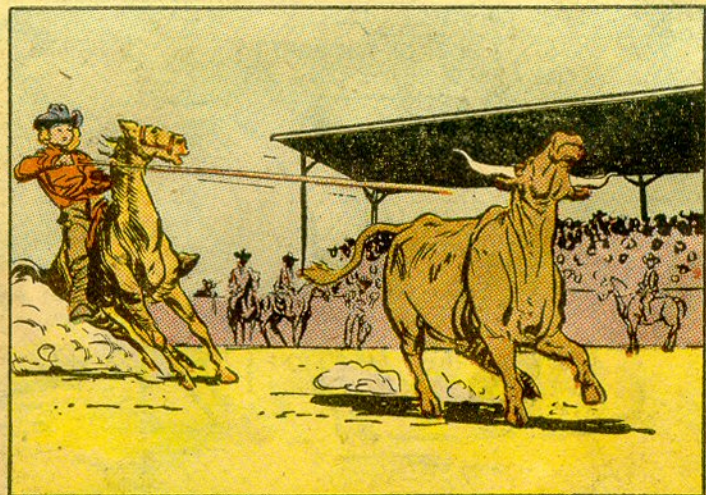
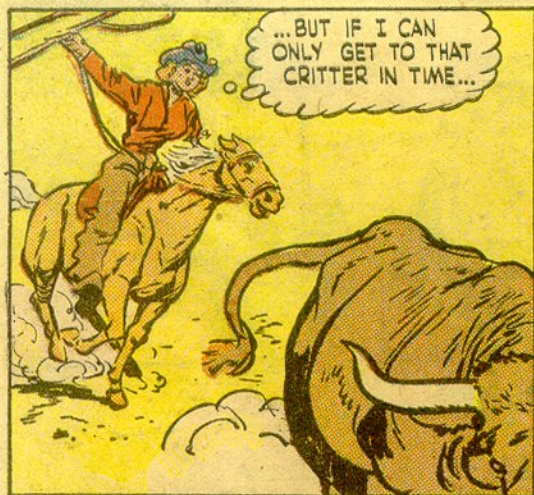
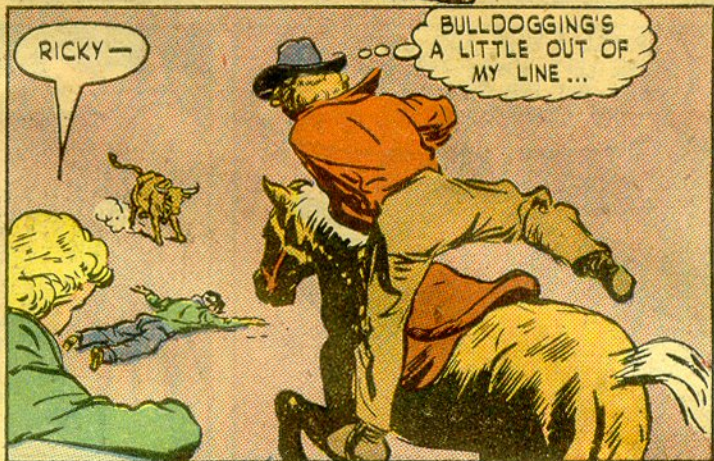
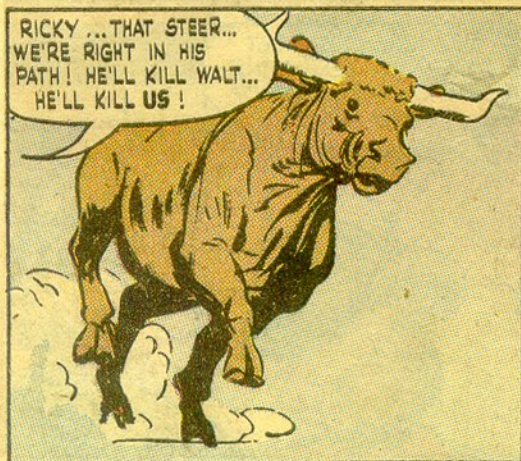
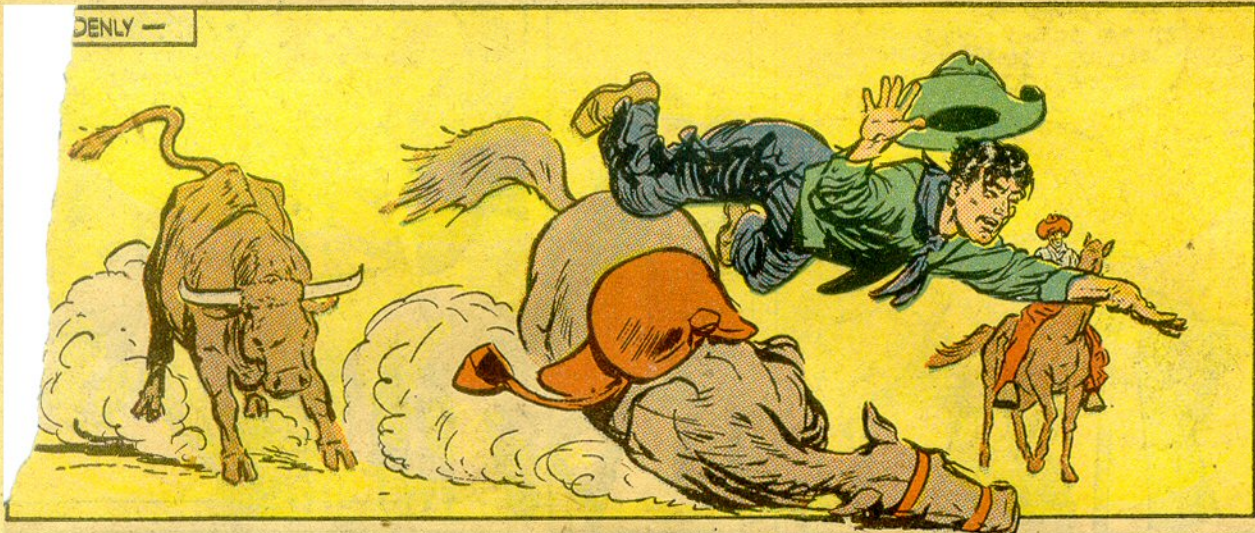
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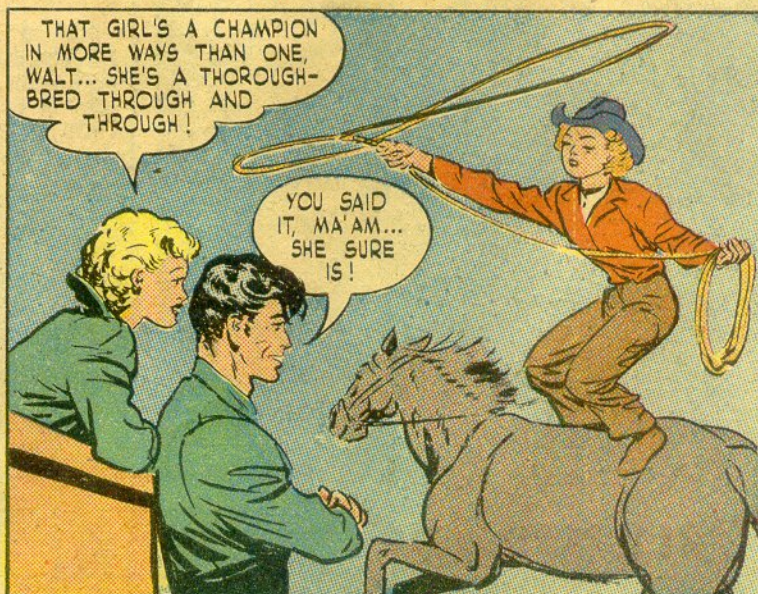
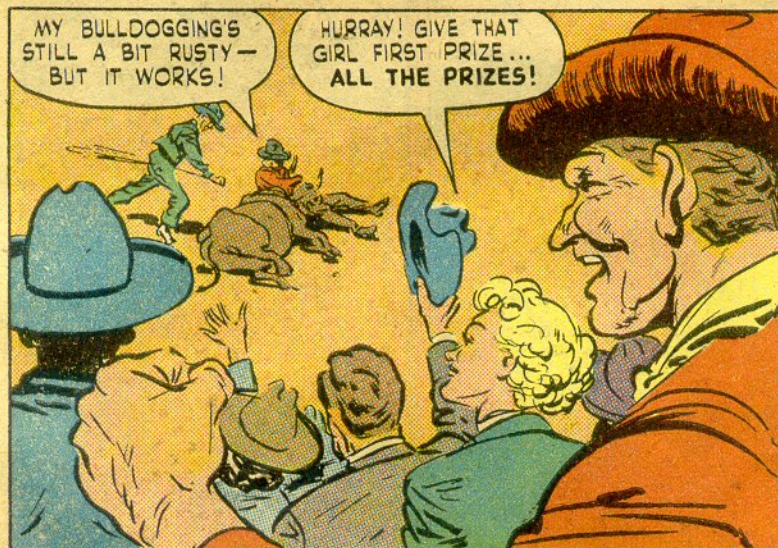
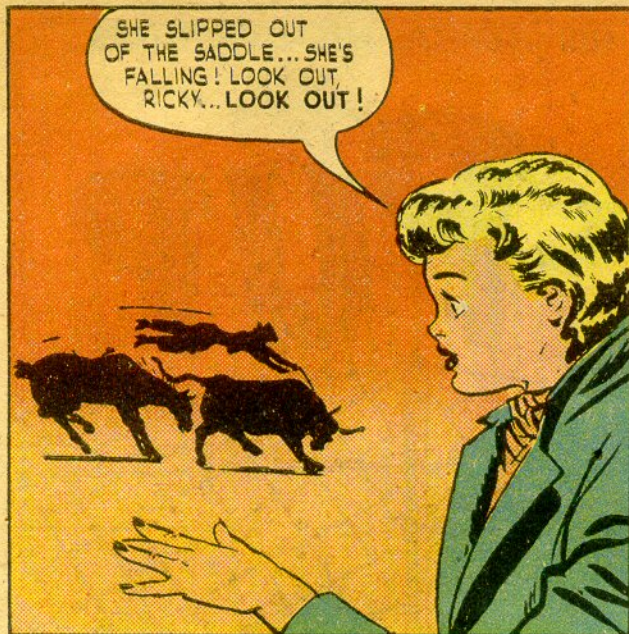
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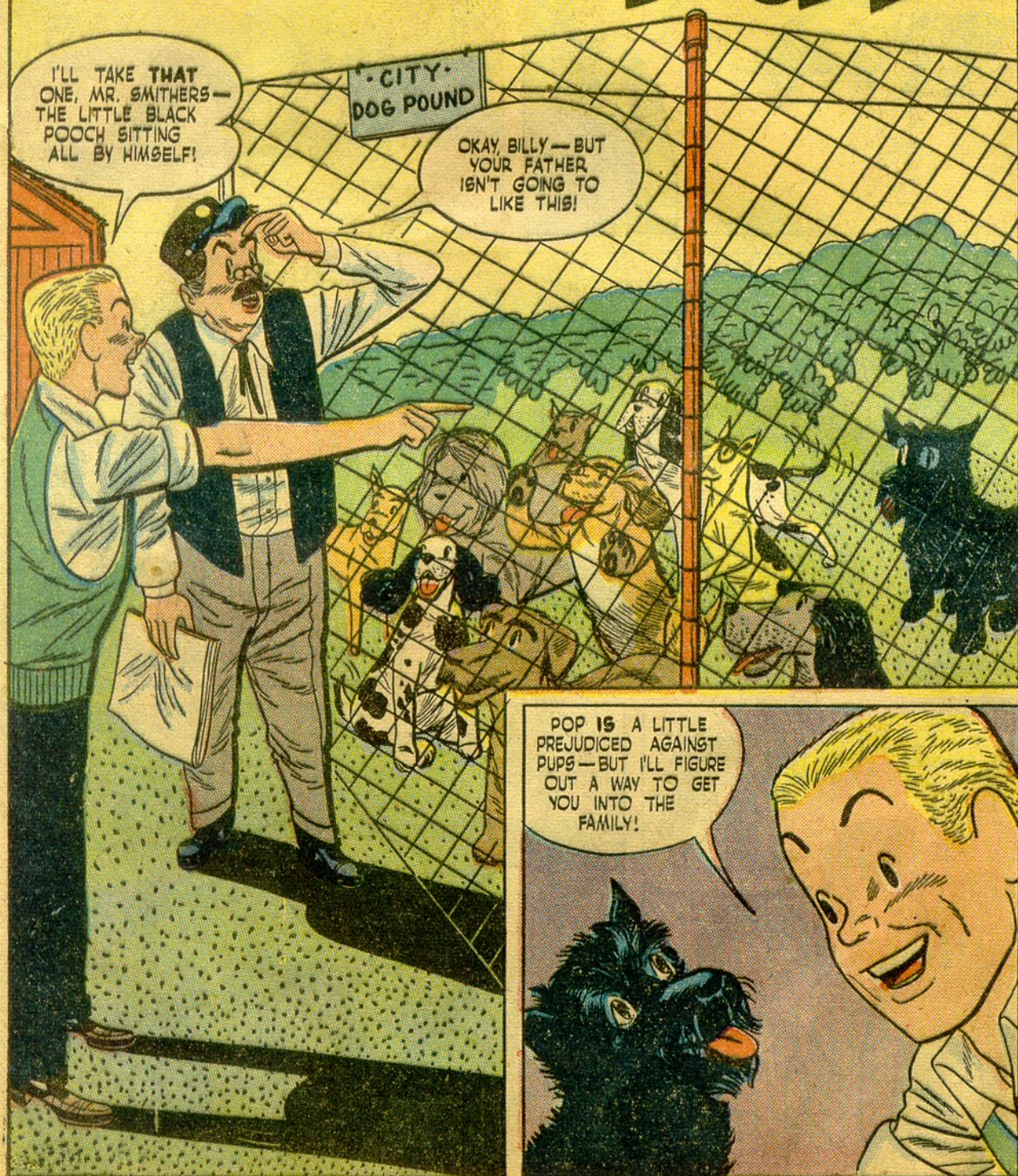
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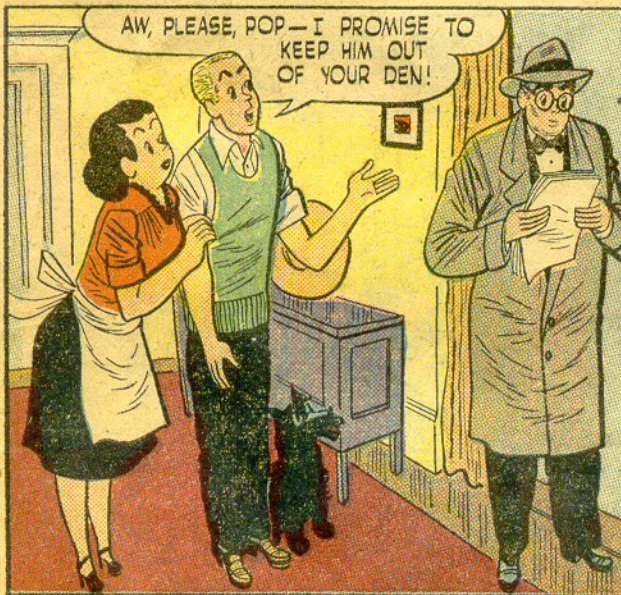
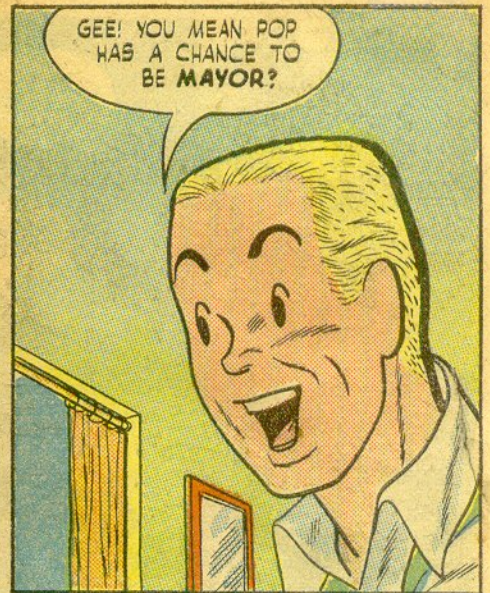
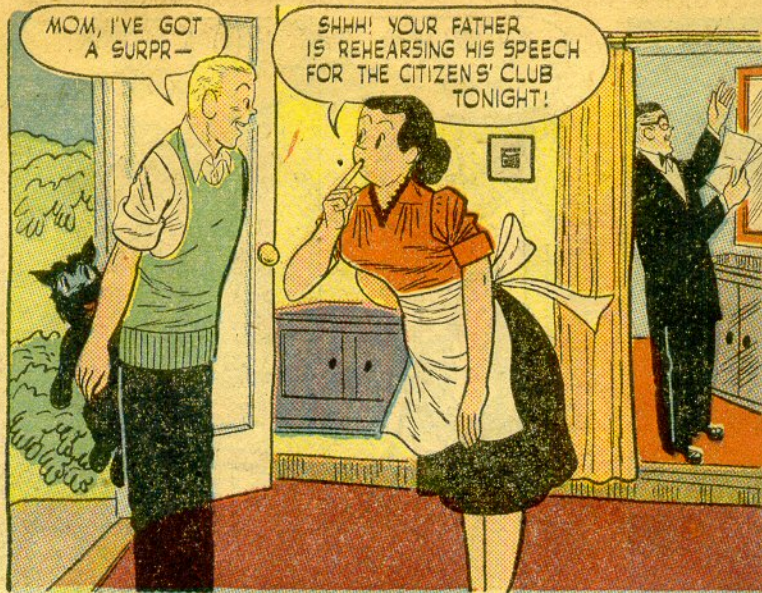




# POP vs. PUP





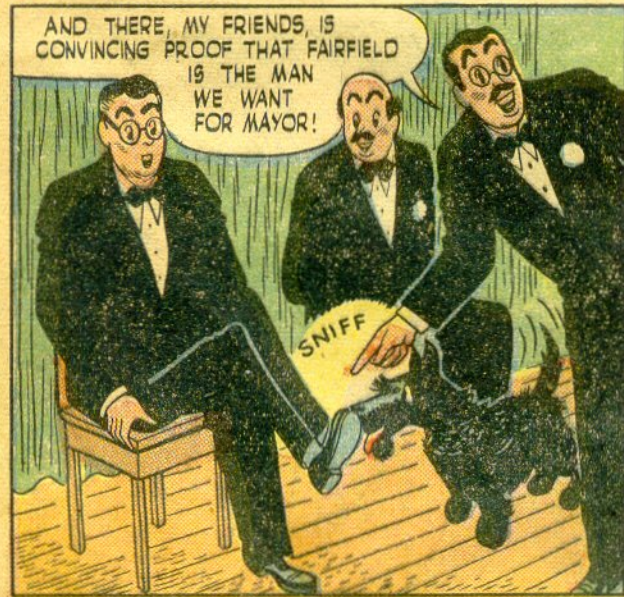
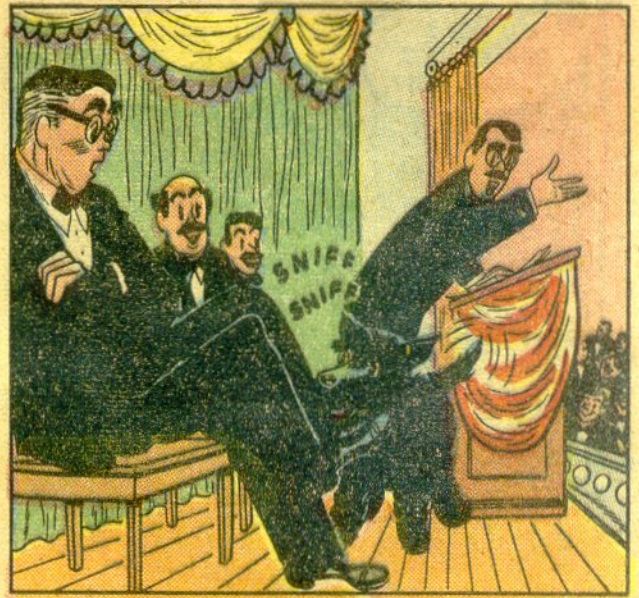
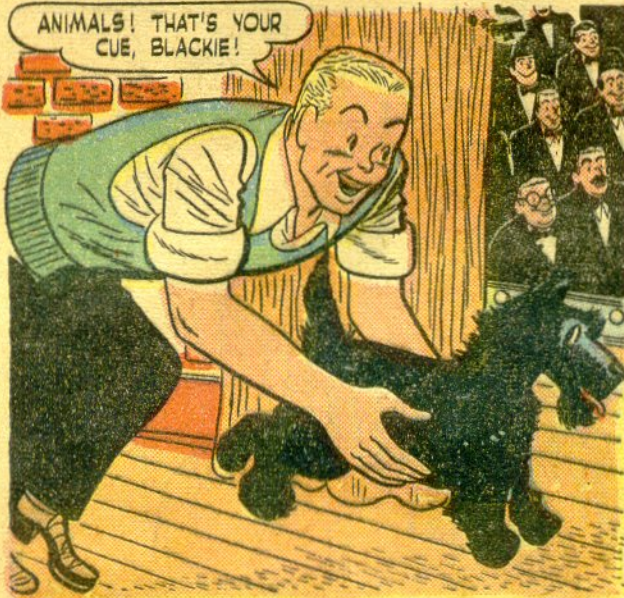
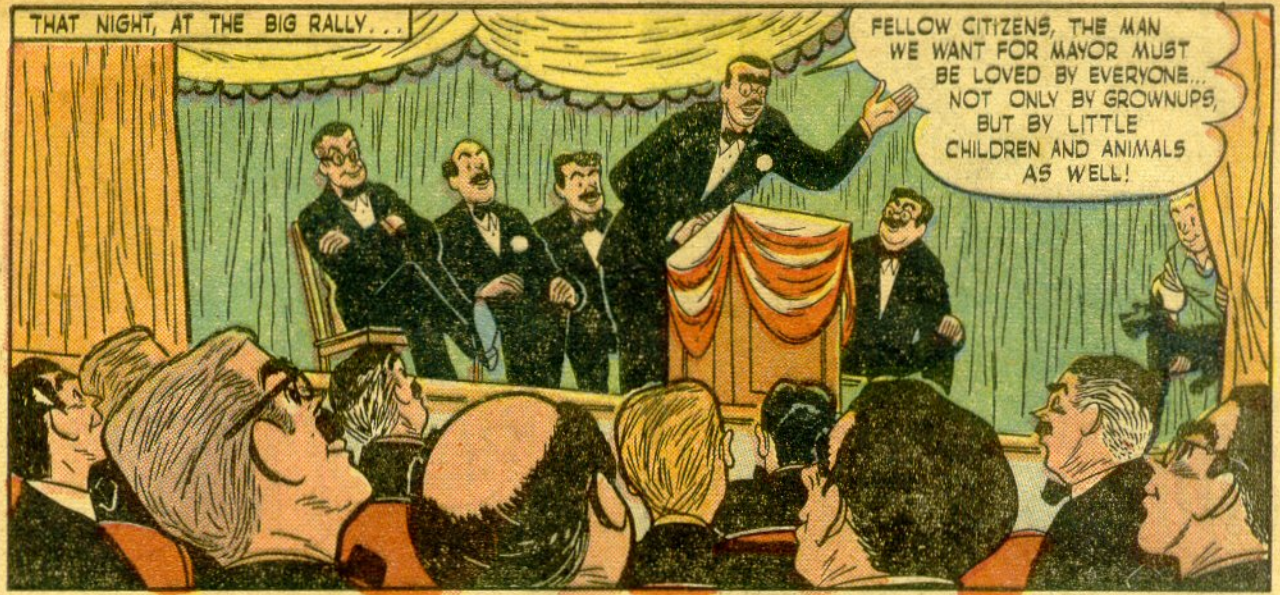




11:30 THAT EVENING...









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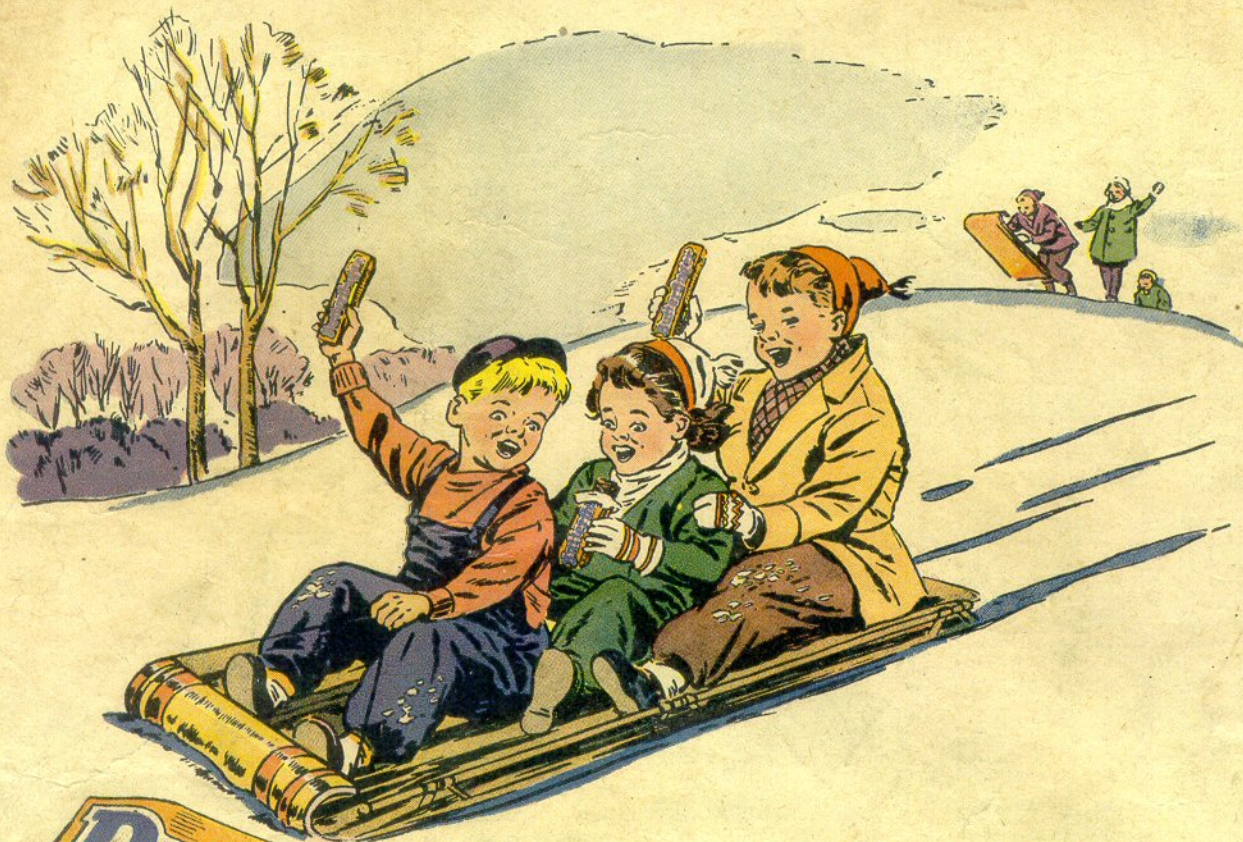
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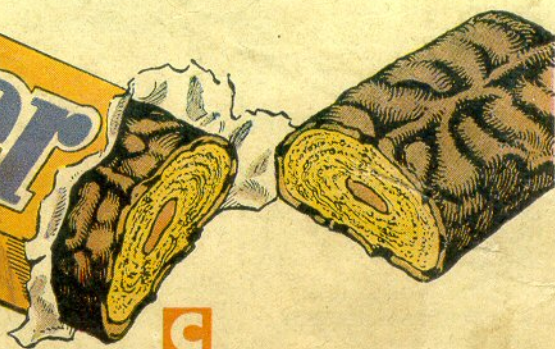


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